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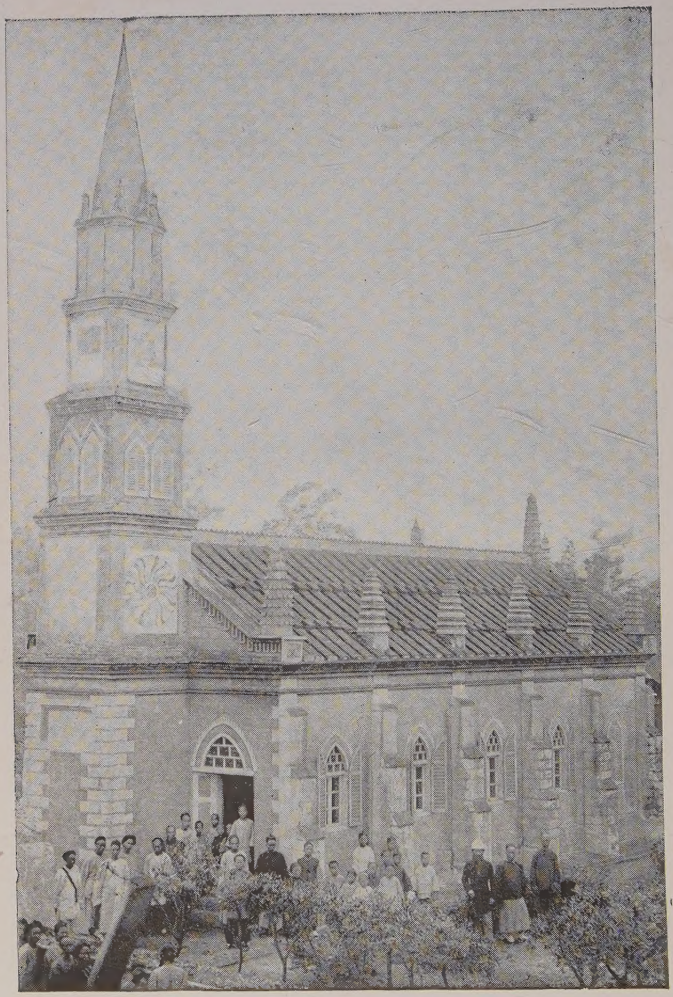

Church at Bang-Kah.

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THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS

MODERN MARVELS IN THE HISTORY OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE :: ::

By ARTHUR T. PIERSON

SECOND SERIES

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
:: NEW YORK AND LONDON ::

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PREFACE.

IN ISSUING a second series of remarkable narratives of missionary biography and history, it may be wise again to emphasize, at the outset, the importance of recognizing the supernatural factor in missions.

Eliminate God from this work, and nothing is left but a human enterprise: all the grandeur and glory are gone; for the one supreme charm and fascination of missions is that, in idea and plan, in origin and progress, the work is divine.

The "many infallible proofs," which put beyond a doubt the resurrection of our Lord, were not more unmistakable and unanswerable than the proofs of the advent of the Holy Spirit and the presence of a divine Providence in human history.

When Science, as nature's Interpreter, would

show us her greatest wonders, she points to the crystal and the cell: one, the mystery of inorganic symmetry, the other, the miracle of organic life. When God would reveal to us the signs of His own handiwork, and prove to us that through all the ages His unceasing purpose runs, He points us to the mystery of a symmetrical and crystalline historic unity and harmony, which no human foresight could have planned and no human skill have wrought out; and then He points us to holy lives, which combine the beauty of the crystal with the living energy of the cell, and which shine not with a cold, imprisoned luster, but with the radiance of a living light.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus said, "History is philosophy teaching by examples." To the Christian believer, history is God teaching by His providence and grace. Nature does not bear marks of a designing mind and hand more clearly than does human history, and preeminently the history of missionary enterprise, reveal the plan and presence of an infinite God. No man with eyes open to impression, and mind

open to conviction, can long resist this evidence. The history of missions not only reveals miracles—it is itself a miracle. It is at once a demonstration and an illustration that, high above and far behind all human actors on the stage is a divine Director and Controller, who shifts the changing scenery to suit every new act in the drama of the ages, and changes both the positions and the persons of the actors. When He wills, when His work demands it, and His time has fully come, they enter and take up their part; and, as surely, when He wills it and His time has fully come, they leave the stage and give place to others. "God buries His workmen, but He carries on His work," is one of the sayings of John Wesley, carved on his monument in England's great Abbey. But it is not less true that He raises up a Pharaoh and Cyrus, and girds those who have not known Him, to show forth His power in them, and in spite of opposition carry on His eternal covenant purpose.

The supernatural factor in missionary history may not manifest itself in any two cases in pre-

cisely the same way. Evil may at times be prevented, and at other times be permitted and overruled. But the *overrule is there.*

"Careless seems the great Avenger. History's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word.
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, amid the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

This general supervision of missions by an almighty Wisdom and Power, appears in many ways:

1. The removal of obstacles and the opening of doors of access to the nations.

2. The sudden and unaccountable subsidence of barriers at critical periods and points.

3. The raising up of men and women previously prepared for work, as obviously prepared for them.

4. The theology of inventions—a divine plan

in the development of the race and of human discovery.

5. The direct transformation of individual character and of entire communities.

6. The indirect results in the modifications of existing evils and the elevation of the entire social level.

7. The obvious overruling of human mistakes and failures, and even of bitter hostility and persecution.

8. The supernatural ordering of human lives, and the limitations of them when God's purpose is accomplished.

9. The evidences of a divine strategy extending through the ages and embracing the whole world.

10. The turning of the crises of the kingdom in answer to prayer, and in a marked order of development.

11. The creation of new agencies, organizations, and instrumentalities at the precise hour of need.

12. The prophetic element in all these divine plans, making these developments not an evolution, but a revolution.

To a few of these signs of the supernatural mind and hand in the history of missions we may briefly advert.

1. The progress of missions would have been impossible without the intervention of a higher power. When, a century ago, the Church as a body took up the work of evangelizing the world, ten great obstacles stood in her way, to human view insurmountable. They may be classed under four heads: obstacles to approach, obstacles to intercourse, obstacles to impression, obstacles to action. The world seemed locked against the Church, and the Church seemed indifferent to the condition of the world. Converts were punished with death; missionaries were martyrs; woman was shut up in harems; some races seemed too high, others too low to be reached by the Gospel. Now all these obstacles are down. Who has done it?

2. Barriers have sometimes gone down as though a continent had sunk to let the sea overflood the land. Hawaii had burned her idols while the *Thaddeus* was crossing the deep with the first band of missionaries. Japan was under-

going a civil revolution while Commodore Perry was casting anchor in the harbor of Yeddo. Over and over again the missionaries have gone expecting to find gigantic barriers confronting them, and have found only prostrate walls. Who has done it?

3. Men and women have been prepared for the work and the work for them, when no human foresight could have shaped either for the other. Who fitted William Goodell to begin in 1831 that work in Constantinople which at the very time needed just such a pioneer? Who but God knew that in 1877 a famine would overspread southern India, and that a civil engineer would be needed to complete that Buckingham Canal, and so give the starving thousands work; and that the engineer must be a Christian missionary who would teach the workmen of Jesus? And who was it that raised up John E. Clough to go there, long before he knew why he who was a civil engineer felt so strangely drawn to that very station at Ongole? Who was it so fitted the peg to the hole when he set Eli Smith in Syria, Robert Morrison in China, Fidelia

Fiske in Oroomiah, Lindley among the Zulus, Moffat among the Boers, Duncan among the Indians of British Columbia, and Hunter Corbett among the simple converts of Chefoo? Can all history show a more marked adaptation of the man to the place and the hour than Robert W. McAll to Belleville in 1872, when the French nation, reacting from clericalism, imperialism, and formalism, yearned for a simple, positive, primitive Gospel? Who did all this?

4. Look at the theology of inventions. How came the mariner's compass, steam as a motor, the printing-press, and all subsequent similar inventions and discoveries, to be withheld from the race until theology, anthropology, and soteriology had fought their battles, and sociology was coming to the front; and until the Church of the Reformation was preparing to give the Bible to every people, and the press was indispensable; and was preparing to carry the Gospel to earth's limits, and the compass and steam-engine were needful? Nay, who withheld this continent from its unveiling until the Pilgrims were ready to settle New England?

5. The crises of the kingdom have turned in answer to prayer. When the Church itself was asleep, such men as Gutzlaff and Carey and Wesley and Edwards laid siege to the throne of grace till the Church awoke, and missions began on a world-wide scale. When as yet doors were shut, a few consecrated men and women prayed, and within ten years the openings defied occupation, they were so many. When there was need both of men and money, prayer again turned the crisis. Gifts, to an amount never before equaled, began to be consecrated, and an unparalleled number of youth began to offer themselves. Women began to organize till their Boards now cover the Christian Church with their network, and the Young Men's Christian Association and its kindred organizations multiplied from one in 1844 to over 5,000 in 1894. And now signs appear above the horizon of a period of general missionary intelligence and activity more marked than any during the last eighteen centuries. These are but a fraction—a fragment — from the vast aggregate of testimony that the work of missions is the work of God,

and the march of missions is the march of God.

The year 1892 marked the complete century since the Warwick Association made the first Monday of each month a "Monthly Concert" of prayer for the world's evangelization, and that first Baptist Foreign Missionary Society sent out William Carey to India. The Church might have compassed the world already had the faith of disciples been equal to the grandeur of God's promises. But, nevertheless, God has led, ruled, moved, swayed, all through this century. He has shown His Word to be all-powerful, and His Spirit all-subduing, and His Providence all-controlling. The whole history has been His story: full of mystery because full of a mysterious God; full of power because full of an omnipotent God. This needs no argument; it need only an open eye and an obedient heart. To our own conception, it is both the supreme charm of missions and the supreme argument for missions. It invests the work with a divine dignity.

The chapters which follow simply present

examples of the unmistakable work of God in various parts of the mission-field. They are selected almost at random, from all quarters of the earth and from all classes of communities. They are the modern wonders of the world, and they show that Missionary History is the Burning Bush, every leaf aflame with the Divine Presence. As we study these developments of supernatural Power, we are constrained to remove the sandals from our feet, as those who stand on holy ground.

THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS.

No. I.

Modern Marvels in Formosa.[1]

OD'S work, like His Word, has the sevenfold seal of His authority and power. It is its own vindication and demonstration. Results wrought by Christian missions are as inexplicable without God as light is without the sun.

The island of Formosa is about 250 miles long and about 70 or 80 broad. The Formosa Channel, which separates it from the mainland, is about 100 miles wide. There are two nationalities on the island—the Chinese or Mongolian

[1] This story is told, as near as may be, in the words of Dr. Mackey, that the charm of his unique manner of marshaling the facts may not be lost.

on the west side, and the savages or Malayan in the center and on the eastern side. About 4,000 of the Malayan population in the Kap-tsu-lân Plain are civilized, and about 100,000 are savages.

Dr. G. L. Mackay began work in Tamsûi in 1872. Here the first convert was brought into the kingdom of Jesus, and another soon followed; these were both young men, and they were just what he had prayed for. His method of carrying on the work has been to travel around and preach Jesus and Him crucified. Every month he made a tour down the west side, and very often had to spend the night in dark and damp places. On one occasion he started, with some native helpers, as had been supposed and intended, at a very early hour in the morning; they kept traveling on and on for miles, wondering that daybreak did not come. Beginning to feel cold on account of the heavy rains, they kindled a fire to warm themselves, and set out again over stones and weeds until they made fully ten miles more before daybreak. The fact was, it had been simply *moonlight* when they started, and they had

Rev. G. L. Mackay, Tamsui, Formosa.

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mistaken it for the approach of daybreak; but the mistake turned to good, for a man was met at the place of their destination, who was just going to leave, but who stayed because of their arrival and was thus brought to know the true God; and a further and greater result was the building of a place of worship there. At a village far down on the coast, a delegate met them with a strip of paper bearing seventy names, inviting them to remain; and a chapel was erected in that village also. An earthquake turned it over a little, and the people cried out that the very earth itself was against the "foreign devil."

On his next visit, while sitting in a small, dark room, Mackay received a letter to this effect: "Now, you barbarian, with your followers, must either leave this village to-morrow morning, or keep indoors for three days. We are worshiping our ancestors, and cannot allow any outsider to remain and witness our rites." This matter was laid before the Master, and it was decided to reply to the warning, as follows: "We will neither stay in the house three days nor

leave the village in the morning; we depend on the power of our Master to protect us." The whole village was shortly in a great state of excitement, some suggesting one measure and some another. Most of them proposed that these Christian intruders should be taken out and beaten, but others opposed this. The morning came, and Mackay said to his students: "I do not want you to get into trouble, but I am going to stay here for life or for death." Every one of them determined to remain also. After breakfast they walked out through the village. The people stood in groups, angry and excited. A number of them had broken pieces of bricks in their hands, and stones were piled in heaps, ready for use. Only one stone, however, was actually thrown; it was evidently intended to strike one of the students, and was thrown by one of the aborigines. On the third day Mackay and his band went to where the chapel stood; fifty or sixty came to hear, and some spoke in a friendly way. On the fourth day they seemed ashamed of their former conduct, and the savages in the island afterward claimed Mackay as

their kinsman and also as their great-grandfather. They said that their people had no cue, and, as he had none, therefore he must belong to the same race as themselves. The chapel was repaired, and there Christ crucified was preached, many times from one hundred to three hundred listening.

At another place, further inland, among the mountains, there was put up a log church, where again Jesus was preached to the people. The aborigines stood around the fires and joined in singing praises to God. One Sabbath, while there, Mackay received a letter which read thus: "If you dare to come in again with your party, the savages declare that they will shoot you. They are determined to put you to death, and I would advise you not to come again." He went out to the service as usual that evening, and decided to go about his Master's business again in the morning, irrespective of any letter sent by men influenced by demons. When advancing through the jungle, and when on a peak, perhaps 2,000 feet high, he heard the shouts of the savages on the neighboring peak and hailed them.

They came out and looked for a moment, and then fired a volley, pointing their muskets upward. The leader made signs, "It is all right." Since then eighteen years have passed away. During the last visit to the place an old man eighty years of age came to Mackay and said: "Do you remember getting a letter from that place within the mountains? I wrote that. I did my best to get the savages to put you to death. Now I dare not go to the savages myself, but live in these barren hills. I am very sorry for what I did. I have listened to the Gospel, and believe that Jesus Christ is my Redeemer, and I want to be baptized." All who knew him see that he is an entirely changed man; even his face at eighty years of age does not look the same, now that his whole body and soul are given to the Redeemer. He was baptized and enrolled as one of the converts.

Mackay and his band of students went to the large city, Bang-kah, and tried to get an opening there. They succeeded in getting a house at the outskirts near an encampment of soldiers, and put out over the door, "Jesus's Holy Tem-

ple." A soldier ordered them out, as the ground did not belong to the owner of the house. The soldiers got excited, and it was absolutely necessary to leave, as the land belonged to the Government and the house to the soldiers. They started to leave, and the city got excited, and the British consul came to see what the matter was. Dense crowds gathered. Some of the people threw bricks from the roofs of the houses. They reviled and hooted. The consul advised going down to Tamsûi for the time, as it would be impossible to get into Bang-kah for three years at least. God was besought to open up a way into that city. At nine o'clock the missionary and his students walked back into the suburbs on the other side, and rented another house, getting the proper legal documents from the owner before midnight. Again there was put up over the door, "Jesus's Holy Temple." The people came from the streets and looked in for a moment. Some did not wait to express their thoughts; but others said, "He is a perfect devil out and out." A great crowd gathered, getting more and more excited. Very soon they began to send in beg-

gars; some sitting down, others standing and pushing the converts about. Beggars and lepers coming in, in such numbers, soon left very little standing space. The crowd was getting wild with excitement, among whom were one or two from the places where Mackay had been and whose teeth he had extracted. Some were overheard saying, "He is not big; one blow would be sufficient." They were getting thoroughly aroused; and the third day, in the middle of the afternoon, they began to twist their cues around their heads and tie up their clothes around their waists, ready for action. One man threw a stone at the building, and then—but no one who has evers een an angry Chinese crowd needs to be told that it baffles description. The Chinese are easily excited, and are ungovernable when enraged. They pulled the building down, carried it away, and tore up even the very foundations. This intrepid missionary directly walked with his students into a building right opposite. The owner of that inn came and with tears begged them to leave. The British consul came again, and a mandarin in his large chair. The

mandarin told the consul to order Dr. Mackay out of the city, but the latter said he had no right to do that. The missionary felt that Jesus was his Master, and He had said, "Go, preach the Gospel." When the consul started to leave, the people yelled and screamed at him with contempt. Mackay bravely walked with him as he stepped out of the city. The mandarin then tried another way—begging and begging that Mackay would also leave the city. He showed him his forceps and his Bible, and told him he was there in obedience to his Master. The mandarin wrote officially to say that he would put up a building outside of the city for him if he would go there; but stations had been planted outside of the city already, and now it was determined to plant the standard inside its gates. Finally another building was put up on the very site of the one that had been torn down, not an inch from it one way or the other. That also was pulled down, and another and larger one erected near by, and that shared the same fate. But there now, in Bangkah, stands a church with a spire! There is a great change. What hath God wrought! Dark,

proud, ignorant Bang-kah, with all its bigotry, welcomes the worship of the living God. Some of the same headmen who stirred up that mob of four thousand that gathered around to kill Christ's heralds, called the people together a short time ago and said: "The missionary is now going to leave us to visit his native land, and we must show him what the meaning of our heart is." The people had done what they chose in village, town, and city everywhere when the missionary traveled through at first, and he decided to let them follow out their own free-will when leaving, though he neither wanted nor needed any of their honors. They wrought with a purpose. They assembled in the large open space in front of the tent where the mob had assembled formerly; and many of the chief men ordered a grand parade, and came with eight bands of Chinese music, and banners and umbrellas of state, such as they would carry before the governor.

They formed a procession, beginning in front of a large temple, asked Dr. Mackay to sit in a large sedan chair lined with silk, and went

through the city with flags flying, and thus insisted on carrying him through the town, and escorted him to the boat, wishing him blessing and offering gratitude to God. There in foreign style they cheered, while the converts sang what they knew:

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the glory of His Cross,
And honor all His laws," etc.

All this showed the great power of the living God, which we do not acknowledge as we ought, and which it is to be feared that many in Christian lands do not believe in as they profess to do.

At various places scattered about were planted twenty or thirty churches, and then Mackay, traveling with the students among the aborigines on the east side, came to a plain. The people in one village said: "You have been going up and down for some time; if you will come to our place you will see what we can do." A shelter was built up with poles and sails, where they

remained the whole night. At daybreak it was decided to erect a place of worship, and the people, instead of going out to fish, went to get rafters for the building, and had to fight their way weapons in hand, and many came home at night bleeding. There they were taught the Gospel, and soon were seen there fishermen going out in their boats singing praises to God, and the old women weaving and singing. They were taking in the plain, ever-fresh Gospel of Jesus Christ. Some people may suppose that these aborigines, or the Chinese, cannot get a clear idea of the Gospel plan of salvation. They do get a very clear idea of it, because God intended that they should. In a short time the whole village of these aborigines, men, women, and children, would meet; one would take a shell and blow on it, and then all would join and sing praises to God:

"All people that on earth do dwell," etc.

After that the people in another village came, and soon fifteen churches were planted in that

Oxford College, Tamsui.

plain, and a native preacher was put in each village.

The students in Oxford College, Formosa, study the Bible morning, noon, and night; they begin and end with the Bible, and preach Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of men, and can be trusted to preach what they know of Divine truth, simply to preach Jesus Christ, and not waste precious time in declaring vain speculations, for they are not wont to spend time on any such men-evolved schemes.

One of them went to a place on the plain further down and labored there. For eleven years Dr. Mackay had purposed going in that direction; but now, receiving a letter asking him to come down, he felt that he had a call to go. He got a boat and, with some students, went down at night, lest the savages might see them. Four hundred soldiers had been killed there, and they narrowly escaped a similar fate. When the boat came up to the place of landing a man met them, and said: "You are Mackay, the missionary." A pony was brought for him to ride on, and the students rode in an oxcart. Five

villages assembled, to whom was proclaimed the truth day after day, exhorting and discussing. One night all the headmen assembled in front of the house and began to talk very loud. Being asked what was the matter, they said: "Nothing, only we are angry that we have been so long deceived with the worship of idols." The idols were brought in baskets from all around, including five villages with five thousand people; some of these idols had been split up in disgust; and when they were piled in a heap, the converts sang again:

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,"

and then the heap was set on fire. Some of the people, indignant at having been so long deluded, kept shoving the idols farther and farther into the fire, to get rid of them the sooner. The poor old women in their huts may be heard there singing, "There is a happy land"—the whole village worshiping God. When the people in the neighboring villages witnessed this, they said, "We must have something like this," and thus

churches were established around; and so it came to pass that there are now sixty churches in all and two thousand converts, and native pastors in each church.

In northern Formosa forty churches were formed here and there, and others farther down; and after the French bombardment there were started twenty more. Eight Frenchmen met Mackay in a ravine and pointed their guns at his breast, mistaking him for a German spy; but their attention was turned at once to a white flag of truce in his hand. At that moment no American or British or German flag could have saved him as that flag of truce did. So no flag of external forms of righteousness, or meritorious acts, or speculative theological dreams could avail the perishing soul. The blood-stained banner of Jesus can save the sinner from pole to pole, and nothing else.

That first native convert has stood faithful to the cause for more than twenty years; and, because of his sterling ability, he was entrusted with the entire oversight of the whole work during Dr. Mackay's absence in America. When

the second convert told his mother that he was going to accept the Saviour, she took a stone and nearly killed him; but now she is saved herself. One of the later converts is a Tauist priest, who accepted the truth. Some might say that only the poor aborigines, who have no minds, are simple enough to believe in Christianity; but this priest, who was brimful of speculative philosophy, is now a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Gospel has not lost its power. It is still the chosen instrument for bringing souls into the kingdom. Another convert is a Bachelor of Arts, who might be seen in his graduating dress, standing six feet high; and he who used to look down upon others with contempt, when he accepted the Gospel became so humble, so gentle, that all were impressed. He is a man of great mental caliber, and was a Confucian of the Confucians, but is now in a city of 50,000 inhabitants preaching Jesus and Him crucified, a defender of the glorious Gospel. Another convert is a young man who two years ago went up to an examination where there were 3,000 candidates, and his name stood at

Rev. Giam Cheng Hoa, Formosa, First Convert.

top of the list. A Confucianist no longer, he also has accepted the Gospel of Jesus.

Dr. Mackay has three foundation stones to his work: Prayer, Preaching, and Teaching. He teaches students in the day and preaches Jesus at night. He declares that he would not spend five minutes teaching the heathen anything before presenting Christ to them; but would teach them afterward what may assist them in preaching the Gospel. A Chinese circulated all sorts of falsehoods about him throughout the country. He prayed importunately that God would convert the liar. One day he invited Mackay and his students to his house, where he had prepared a splendid feast. He called them in and said: "I believe God is true—I know He is; and I have been a servant of the devil all the time." The religion of Jesus Christ has now pervaded the public mind so fully that it would be impossible to trump up on the northern part of the island any such stories as that the missionaries were seeking to dig out the eyes of the Chinese children. What a change wrought there by the Gospel! The idea of a mandarin coming inside a

chapel twenty-two years ago! But now they send in their cards and visit the missionaries with bands of soldiers.

The natives had great resentment toward the Christians after the French invasion, and pulled down the churches and persecuted the converts terribly. From one convert, an old lady with considerable means, was stolen everything she had in the world—her house was demolished, and her body bruised black and blue; but she would not deny her Lord. A young man had his fingers joined by bamboo splits and tied till the blood oozed out of them. They demanded of him to forsake his trust, but he did not not turn his back on Jesus. In another place they pulled down the splendid church and took every vestige of it off and buried it in a huge grave. They placarded it with these words, "Mackay, the black-bearded devil, is here." "Now," said they, "we have wiped out the work; it is all gone." But they did not wipe it out. Men and devils cannot do that; as well try to wipe out the universe. All these trials were endured for the same Jesus, the same Spirit, the same Word.

And yet some say that the Chinese are not faithful, that they are double-minded. Of course they are not *all* sincere, neither are they in America or elsewhere; but more fidelity to Christ was never found anywhere than in Formosa. Four hundred of those converts have come to the end of their course, including men, women, and children; and they have fought a good fight, showing evidences of the same faith in God as the best disciples in other lands. They breathed their last, trusting Jesus. There is no room for "waiting" in their case to see whether they backslide or not. Among the living also are all classes—tradesmen, mechanics, scholars—men tried in all ways, but preaching Jesus Christ and walking under His banner.

A commander of a British man-of-war helped the Lord's work wonderfully there in Formosa in its inception. More than can be told in words or put on paper he helped. He would repeat sentences and ask Mackay to translate and repeat them to the natives: "Tell them that I am a Christian. Tell them that I am on a British man-of-war of Queen Victoria, but I serve a

greater King." His name will go down with the story of Formosa's victories.

One hymn always takes with the Chinese: it is about the shortness of life. "We come into the world with our empty hands and we leave it in the same way." This sentiment which the Chinese have in proverb, we have in hymn. It is a help to self-denial.

Once Mackay and his helpers were confined in a chapel all night, with the savages from the mountains on the outside, who crept up with long poles and tried to fire the building. There was no human protection, but God only; but if it had been His will, every one of them was ready to welcome death. As the morning began to dawn the cowardly savages skulked away to the mountains. At another time, with two converts, Mackay started for the southern part, to establish a church. Arriving near the small village just at dark, they inquired at a house if they could stay for the night. The door was shut in their faces. At another house they replied, "No place here for foreign devils"; and at another, after a long hesitation, "There's an

Savages, Eastern Formosa, with Dr. Mackay.

ox-stall; you can stay in there." One of the converts was an old man who had owned rich tea farms and had lost all for Christ's sake. He was not used to sleeping in an ox-stall, but it humbled him, and afterward he did better service as a preacher to his people. They all remembered how the Lord of glory was rejected, and it seemed of little consequence if they did not get quarters for the night. Since then the very men who insulted them have shed tears when they remembered the way they had treated Christ's converts and how badly they had persecuted them. They are themselves astounded at what they did.

In a large city toward the northwest of the island the converts searched for a little room to begin work in, and got one where pigs were kept; they drove two pigs out, and got a man to come and clean up a little and whitewash the place. A mob stopped the work for a while, but they remained out in the streets till they left them to go on with the building and cleaning. They were spit on and taunted, but that was not counted anything. It is there that to-day the

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converted Confucianist, a graduate, a B.A., preaches in a large church. Crowds come to converse with him.

An old man over seventy walked to the services on Saturday for three years and brought others with him a long distance. Some of the converts sent ten dollars back with him to help start a chapel where he lived. Talk about self-supporting churches, self-propagation! There is self-propagation in a score of churches in Formosa, and the work is but twenty-two years old. In each church is a map of the world, and through the week the native preacher announces that he will speak at night on Germany, or England, or America, or some other country, till they go through every country in the world.

Dr. Mackay once fell in with an English Church clergyman at sea, coming from the Philippine Islands, who said: "This missionary business is all stuff, bosh, and sham. I've been at the Philippine Islands, and you missionaries are just fooling away your time. One day a man will say he is a Christian, just to get employment, and the next day he is a heathen, just

to get employment. It's all fraud." Mackay listened, and treated his statements courteously, and asked him to do the same. He then told him of men in Formosa that were not getting and keeping money, but rather giving it out. In one place they pay their pastor seventeen dollars a month. During the famine they took up a large subscription and sent it to their suffering brothers on the mainland.

In the north have been built not only Oxford College, for training native evangelists and teachers, but a girls' school, and a hospital.

Mackay has found it a help to his work to minister to bodily ills. He extracted twenty-one thousand teeth in twenty-one years, and thirty-nine thousand in all, and has dispensed considerable medicine. Extracting teeth is cheaper than dealing out medicine, for beyond the instrument there is no outlay. The natives have lost all faith in their old doctors.

Dr. Mackay's stations are chiefly grouped round about Tamsûi and on the northeast coast —this second group, very numerous, being mostly planted among the aborigines. He re-

ported for 1892, 97 adult baptisms and a total full membership of 1,751. There are two ordained native pastors and 56 preachers, besides 22 students in the doctor's peripatetic college (the students accompanying him in his tours), many of whom frequently preach. The native Christians gave about $2,000 in 1892 toward the support of their own churches. The hospital has been largely blessed; during the year 11,000 patients were prescribed for.

It may be well to add extracts from a remarkable letter written by a Chinese convert, describing the departure of Dr. Mackay for a visit to his home in Canada.

"When Pastor Mackay visited the stations throughout Tek-cham district, converts and heathens crowded to show him honor and respect. At every station several hundred came out to meet him, and then followed again when he was leaving, converts waving green branches, and heathens burning firecrackers. The church people were very sad and could not keep back their tears. Indeed, all were of one mind and unwilling to let him go, tho they wished him a pleasant visit to his native Canada.

"All through Kap-tsu-lan district whole villages came out to meet him, and escorted him

when he left, entreating him to return soon. On this trip it was not merely converts who came; throughout all North Formosa the heathens joined with converts to honor Pastor Mackay and wish him a safe journey. Men and women, old and young, wept much. They could scarcely bear to let him go even for a while, because he has been in and out among Chinese now for twenty-one years, and every one loves him.

"Throughout Tamsûi district it was the same, hundreds expressing good wishes. Everywhere crowds and music and gunpowder, but in Bang-kah City the greatest crowd of all. There in the procession were three mandarins, five headmen, twenty sedan chairs, six horses, and many, many people, with drums and gongs and other things more than I could write about. Then they hired the little steamer to take Pastor Mackay to Tamsûi, and more than three hundred people came down with him. Little over twenty years ago Bang-kah people were such determined enemies, verily wicked in their hatred. Now they have been even more enthusiastic than others in showing their good-will; that day all through the city the Chinese were praising Pastor Mackay and his teaching—not a single soul uttered an ill-word. Thank God! because in all northern Formosa the very strongest fort of the enemy was Bang-kah City. Praise our Jehovah, praise Him for what He has done!

"On the 18th, at two o'clock, there were more than seven hundred of the converts, men, women, and children, to see Pastor and Mrs. Mackay and

the rest go. Chinese had drums and gongs and firecrackers; foreigners fired guns, and there were bands of music. All the foreigners boarded one steam-launch, the mandarins and headmen another, converts—many in tears—took a third, old and young filled little boats, and the whole crowd —as many as the boats would hold—followed the vessel right out to sea as far as they dared go."

No. II.

The Pentecost at Hilo.[1]

MONG transformed communities there is one which deserves a separate setting as a peculiarly lustrous gem. Among all miracles of missions we know of none more suggestive of supernatural working.

Titus Coan, now just sixty years ago, in 1835, began his memorable mission on the shore-belt of Hawaii. He soon began to use the native tongue, and made his first tour of the island within the first year. He was a relative of Nettleton, and had been a colaborer with Finney, and from such men had learned what arrows are best for a preacher's quiver, and how to use his bow. His whole being was full of spiritual

[1] See Eschol. By S. G. Humphrey, D.D.

energy and unction, and on his first tour multitudes flocked to hear, and many seemed pricked in their hearts. The crowds so thronged him and followed him that, like his Master, he had no leisure, so much as to eat, and one day preached three times before he had a chance to breakfast. He was wont to go on four or five tours a year, and saw tokens of interest that impressed him with so strange a sense of the presence of God that he said little about them, and scarcely understood them himself. He could only say, "It was wonderful." He went about, like Jeremiah, with the fire of the Lord in his bones; weary with forbearing, he could not stay.

In 1837 the slumbering fires broke out. Nearly the whole population became an audience, and those who could not come to the services were brought on the backs of others or on their own beds. Mr. Coan found himself ministering to fifteen thousand people, scattered along the hundred miles of coast. He longed to be able to fly that he might get over the ground, or to be able to multiply himself twenty-fold, to

reach the multitudes who fainted for spiritual food.

Necessity devises new methods. He bade those to whom he could not go to come to him, and for a mile around the people settled down. Hilo's little population of a thousand swelled tenfold, and here was held a two-year colossal "camp-meeting." There was not an hour, day or night, when an audience of from two thousand to six thousand would not rally at the signal of the bell.

There was no disorder, and the camp became a sort of industrial school, where gardening, mat-braiding, and bonnet-making were taught, as well as purely religious truth. These great "protracted meetings" crowded the old church with six thousand, and a newer building with half as many more; and when the people got seated, they were so close that, until the meeting broke up, no one could move. The preacher did not hesitate to deal in stern truths. The law, with its awful perfection; hell, with its fires, of which the craters of Kilauea and the volcanoes about them might well furnish a vivid picture; the

deep and damning guilt of sin; the hopelessness and helplessness of spiritual death—such truths as these prepared the way for warm Gospel invitation and appeal. The vast audience swayed as cedars before a tornado. There were trembling, weeping, sobbing, and loud crying for mercy, sometimes too loud for the preacher to be heard; and in hundreds of cases his hearers would fall in a swoon.

Titus Coan was made for the work God had for him, and he controlled the great masses. He preached with great simplicity, illustrating and applying the grand old truths; made no effort to excite, but rather to allay excitement, and asked for no external manifestation of interest. He depended on the Word, borne home by the Spirit, and the Spirit mightily wrought. Some would cry out, "The two-edged sword is cutting me to pieces!" The wicked scoffer who came to make sport dropped like a log and said, "God has struck me." Once, while preaching in the open field to two thousand people, a man cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" and prayed the publican's prayer; and the

entire congregation took up the cry for mercy. For a half-hour Mr. Coan could get no chance to speak, but had to stand still and see God work.

There were greater signs of the Spirit than mere words of agony or confession. Godly repentance was at work—quarrels were reconciled, drunkards abandoned drink, thieves restored stolen property, adulteries gave place to purity, and murders were confessed. The high priest of Pele and custodian of her crater shrine, who by his glance could doom a native to strangulation, on whose shadow no Hawaiian dared tread, who ruthlessly struck men dead for their food or garments' sake, and robbed and outraged human beings for a pastime—this gigantic criminal came into the meetings, as did also his sister, the priestess, and even such as they found there an irresistible power. With bitter tears and penitent confession, the crimes of this minister of idolatry were unearthed. He acknowledged that what he had worshiped was no god at all, and publicly renounced his idolatry and bowed before Jesus. These two had spent about seventy

years in sin, but till death maintained their Christian confession.

In 1838 the converts continued to multiply. Though but two missionaries, a lay preacher, and their wives constituted the force, and the field was a hundred miles long, the work was done with power because God was in it all. Mr. Coan's trips were first of all for preaching, and he spoke on the average from three to four times a day; but these public appeals were interlaced with visits of a pastoral nature at the homes of the people, and the searching inquiry into their state. This marvelous man kept track of his immense parish, and knew a church-membership of five thousand as thoroughly as when it numbered one hundred. He never lost individual knowledge and contact in all this huge increase. What a model to modern pastors, who magnify preaching, but have "no time to visit"! It was part of his plan that not one living person in all Puna or Hilo should fail to have the Gospel brought repeatedly to the conscience, and he did not spare himself any endeavor or exposure to reach the people.

He set converted people to work, and above forty of them visited from house to house, within five miles of the central station. The results would be simply incredible were they not attested abundantly.

In 1838 and 1839, after great care in examining and testing candidates, during the twelve months ending in June, 1839, 5,244 persons had been received into the Church. On one Sabbath 1,705 were baptized, and 2,400 sat down together at the Lord's table. It was a gathering of villages, and the head of each village came forward with his selected converts. With the exception of one such scene at Ongole, just forty years after, probably no such sight has been witnessed since the Day of Pentecost. And what a scene was that when nearly twenty-five hundred sat down to eat together the Lord's Supper, and what a gathering! "The old, the decrepit, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the withered, the paralytic, and those afflicted with divers diseases and torments; those with eyes, noses, lips, and limbs consumed with the fire of their own or their parents' former lusts, with features dis-

torted and figures the most depraved and loathsome; and these came hobbling upon their staves, and led or borne by their friends; and among this throng the hoary priests of idolatry, with hands but recently washed from the blood of human victims, together with the thief, the adulterer, the sodomite, the sorcerer, the robber, the murderer, and the mother—no, the monster —whose hands had reeked in the blood of her own children. These all met before the Cross of Christ, with their enmity slain and themselves washed and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God."

During the five years ending June, 1841, 7,557 persons were received into the Church at Hilo, constituting three-fourths of the whole adult population of the parish. When Titus Coan left Hilo, in 1870, he had himself received and baptized 11,960 persons.

These people held fast the faith, only one in sixty becoming amenable to discipline. There was not a grogshop in that whole parish, and the Sabbath was better kept than in New England.

In 1867 the old mother church divided into seven, and there have been built fifteen houses for worship, mainly with the money and labor of the people themselves, who have also planted and sustained their own missions, and have given in the aggregate $100,000 for holy uses, and have sent twelve of their number to regions beyond.

Christian history presents no record of divine power more thrilling than this of the great revival at the Hawaiian Islands from 1836 to 1842. When, in 1870, the American Board withdrew from this field, they left behind nearly sixty self-supporting churches, with a membership of about fifteen thousand, more than two-thirds having a native pastorate. That year their contributions reached $30,000. Thirty per cent. of their ministers are missionaries on other islands. That same year Kanwealoha, the old native missionary, in presence of a vast throng, where the royal family and dignitaries of the islands were assembled, held up the Word of God in the Hawaiian tongue, and in these few words gave the most comprehensive tribute to the fruits of Gospel labor:

"Not with powder and ball and swords and cannon, but with this living Word of God and His Spirit, do we go forth to conquer the islands for Christ!"

Exact Reproduction of the Grass Hut at Ilala where Livingstone Died. Built by Susi and Chuma.

No. III.

Livingstone's Body-Guard.

HE work of David Livingstone in Africa was so far that of a missionary explorer and general that the field of his labor is too broad to permit us to trace individual harvests. No one man can thickly scatter seed over so wide an area. But there is one marvelous story connected with his death, the like of which has never been written on the scroll of human history. All the ages may safely be challenged to furnish its parallel.

On the night of his death he called for Susi, his faithful servant, and, after some tender ministries had been rendered to the dying man, Livingstone said: "All right; you may go out now," and Susi reluctantly left him alone. At

four o'clock next morning, May 1, Susi and Chuma, with four other devoted attendants, anxiously entered that grass hut at Ilala. The candle was still burning, but the greater light of life had gone out. Their great master, as they called him, was on his knees, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. With silent awe, they stood apart and watched him, lest they should invade the privacy of prayer. But he did not stir: there was not even the motion of breathing, but a suspicious rigidity of inaction. Then one of them, Matthew, softly came near and gently laid his hands upon his cheeks. It was enough: the chill of death was there. The great father of Africa's dark children was dead, and they were orphans.

The most refined and cultured Englishmen would have been perplexed as to what course to take. They were surrounded by superstitious and unsympathetic savages, to whom the unburied remains of the dead man would be an object of dread. His native land was six thousand miles away, and even the coast was fifteen hun-

dred. A grave responsibility rested upon these simple-minded sons of the Dark Continent, to which few of the wisest would have been equal. Those remains, with his valuable journals, instruments, and personal effects, must be carried to Zanzibar. But the body must first be preserved from decay, and they had no skill nor facilities for embalming; and if preserved, there were no means of transportation—no roads or carts. No beasts of burden being available, the body must be borne on the shoulders of human beings; and, as no strangers could be trusted, they must themselves undertake the journey and the sacred charge. These humble children of the forest were grandly equal to the occasion, and they resolved among themselves to carry that body to the seashore, and not to give it into other hands until they could surrender it to his countrymen. Moreover, to insure safety to the remains and security to the bearers, it must be done with secrecy. They would gladly have kept secret even their master's death, but the fact could not be concealed. God, however, disposed Chitambo and his subjects to permit these ser-

vants of the great missionary to prepare his emaciated body for its last journey, in a hut built for the purpose on the outskirts of the village.

Now watch these black men, as they rudely embalm the body of him who had been to them a savior. They tenderly open the chest and take out the heart and viscera. These they, with a poetic and pathetic sense of fitness, reserve for his beloved Africa. The heart that for thirty-three years had beat for her welfare must be buried in her bosom. And so one of the Nassik boys, Jacob Wainwright, read the simple service of burial, and under the moula tree at Ilala that heart was deposited, and the tree, carved with a simple inscription, became his monument. Then the body was prepared for its long journey; the cavity was filled with salt, brandy poured into the mouth, and the corpse laid out in the sun for fourteen days to be dried, and so was reduced to the condition of a mummy. Afterward it was thrust into a hollow cylinder of bark. Over this was sewed a covering of canvas, the whole package was securely lashed to a pole, and so at last

was ready to be borne between two men, upon their shoulders.

As yet the enterprise was scarcely begun, and the worst of their task was yet before them. The sea was far away, and the path lay through a territory, where nearly every fifty miles would bring them to a new tribe, to face new difficulties. Nevertheless Susi and Chuma took up their precious burden, and looking to Livingstone's God for help, began the most remarkable funeral march on record. They followed the track their master had marked with his footsteps when he penetrated to Lake Bangweolo, passing to the south of Lake Liembe, which is a continuation of Tanganyika, then crossing to Unyanyembe, where it was found out that they were bearing a dead body. Shelter was hard to get, or even food; and at Kasekera they could get nothing they asked, except on condition that they would bury the remains they were carrying. Now indeed their love and generalship were put to a new test. But again they were equal to the emergency. They made up another package like the precious burden, only it contained branches

instead of human bones; and this with mock solemnity, they bore on their shoulders to a safe distance and scattered the contents far and wide in the brushwood, and came back without the bundle. Meanwhile others of their party had repacked the remains, doubling them up into the semblance of a bale of cotton cloth, and so they once more managed to procure what they needed and get on with their charge.

The true story of that nine months' march has never yet been written, and it never will be, for the full data can not be supplied. But here is material waiting for some coming English Homer or Milton to crystallize into one of the world's noblest epics; and it deserves the master hand of a great poet-artist to do it justice.

See these black men, whom some scientific philosophers would place at but one remove from the gorilla, run all manner of risks, by day and night, for forty weeks; now going round by a circuitous route to insure safe passage; now compelled to resort to strategem to get their precious burden through the country; sometimes forced to fight their foes in order to carry out

their holy mission. Follow them as they ford the rivers and traverse trackless deserts; facing torrid heat and drenching tropical storms; daring perils from wild beasts and relentless wild men; exposing themselves to the fatal fever, and burying several of their little band on the way. Yet on they went, patient and persevering, never fainting or halting, until love and gratitude had done all that could be done, and they laid down at the feet of the British Consul, on the 12th of March, 1874, all that was left of Scotland's great hero.

When, a little more than a month later, the coffin of Livingstone was landed in England, April 15, it was felt that no less a shrine than Britain's greatest burial-place could fitly hold such precious dust. But so improbable and incredible did it seem that a few rude Africans could actually have done this splendid deed, at such a cost of time and risk, that not until the fractured bones of the arm, which the lion crushed at Mabotsa thirty years before, identified the body, was it certain that this was Livingstone's corpse. And then, on the 18th of April,

1874, such a funeral cortège entered the great Abbey of Britain's illustrious dead as few warriors or heroes or princes ever drew to that mausoleum; and the faithful body-servants who had religiously brought home every relic of the person or property of the great missionary explorer were accorded places of honor. And well they might be. No triumphal procession of earth's mightiest conqueror ever equaled for sublimity that lonely journey through Africa's forests. An example of tenderness, gratitude, devotion, heroism, equal to this, the world has never seen. The exquisite inventiveness of a love that lavished tears as water on the feet of Jesus, and made tresses of hair a towel, and broke the alabaster flask for His anointing, the feminine tenderness that lifted His mangled body from the cross and wrapped it in new linen with costly spices and laid it in a virgin tomb—has at length been surpassed by the ingenious devotion of the cursed sons of Canaan. The grandeur and pathos of that burial scene amid the stately columns and arches of England's famous Abbey loses in luster when contrasted with that simpler

scene near Ilala, when, in God's greater cathedral of Nature, whose columns and arches are the trees, whose surpliced choir are the singing birds, whose organ is the moaning wind, the grassy carpet was lifted and dark hands laid Livingstone's heart to rest! In that great cortège that moved up the nave no truer nobleman was found than that black man, Susi, who in illness had nursed the Blantyre hero, had laid his heart in Africa's bosom, and whose hand was now upon his pall. Let those who doubt and deride Christian missions to the degraded children of Africa, who tell us that it is not worth while to sacrifice precious lives for the sake of these doubly lost millions of the Dark Continent—let such tell us whether it is not worth while, at any cost, to seek out and save men with whom such Christian heroism is possible!

Burn on, thou humble candle, burn within thy hut of grass,
Though few may be the pilgrim feet that through Ilala pass
God's hand hath lit thee, long to shine; and shed thy holy light
Till the new day-dawn pour its beams o'er Afric's long midnight.

Sleep on, dear Heart, that beat for souls whom cruel
bonds enslaved,
And yearned, with such a Christlike love, that black men
might be saved!
Thy grave shall draw heroic souls to seek the moula-tree,
And vow to carve God's image there on Afric's ebony.

No. IV.

Wonders Wrought in the West Indies.

OR years there has been going forward a missionary movement, one of the most remarkable of modern times, whether considered as to its strange inception, its providential progress, or its unrivaled success. Dr. Tichenor's brief and beautiful accounts of the work supply the main sources from which is drawn the material for this little sketch, which no one can read without thanksgiving to God.

During the last Cuban rebellion Captain Alberto J. Diaz, then in the rebel army, was despatched to one of the army outposts to warn against an expected attack by Spanish forces; and in obeying the order he and those with him were surrounded by the enemy. The only avenue

of escape was by the sea, and to that they entrusted themselves. They were, however, borne out so far from shore, that they would have perished had they not been picked up by a small vessel.

Captain Diaz then went to New York. Having already been graduated from both the literary and medical departments of the University of Havana, he resolved to prepare himself to treat especially diseases of the eye. During the winter a severe attack of pneumonia brought him to the gates of death. Among those whose regard this polite and intelligent Cuban had won was a Christian young lady who visited his room and vainly sought to converse with him. He could speak but little English and she did not understand his Spanish. Leaving the room, she shortly returned with her New Testament, read a portion, and then silently prayed. This she repeated for several days, until the patient sufficiently recovered to write to her, in broken English, his heartfelt thanks. He inquired what was the little book out of which she read every day, and why "she closed her eyes and talked

to herself." She replied that the book was the New Testament, and that, after reading it, she had prayed for him. He had never before seen anybody pray in that way. In the great cathedral of his native city he had seen people kneel upon its marble pavement, count their beads, and, with "vain repetitions," mutter lifeless forms and call it prayer. But this was a new idea of religion to him. He expressed his desire for the "little book," that he might find out what it was that could make her so love it. She gave him a copy, and he began to translate it into Spanish as best he could, so that he might the better comprehend its teaching. While thus engaged, he learned that he could procure a Spanish translation at the American Bible Society; and having obtained one, he read in his own tongue that new and wonderful history of the life, suffering, and death of Jesus.

Toward the story of blind Bartimeus his mind and heart were peculiarly attracted. The helplessness of the poor blind man, and the wonderful goodness and power of Jesus, overwhelmed him. Again and again he read it, until it

dawned upon his soul that he was *just like blind Bartimeus*. Christ had been standing before him, but he had no eyes with which to see Him. He fell prostrate on the floor, and in speechless agony lay for a long time. He had never prayed and did not know how. Only with the "groanings unutterable" could he cry unto God. But He, who hears just such moans and groans, heard the voice of his longing heart, and opened his lips to ask in the very words of that blind beggar of Jericho, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" The eyes of his understanding were opened. He arose "a new man." How strange, how wonderful! A new world was revealed to him; his blindness was gone; his Saviour was found; his sins were forgiven; he was a child of God.

Having been received into the fellowship of the Willoughby Avenue Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., he yearned to go back to his native island and tell of Jesus; and he soon set sail for Cuba. He could scarcely wait for the usual salutations of love to be exchanged with his family, so eager was he to witness to the great Saviour who had

opened his blind eyes. But when his parents, brothers, and sisters learned of his "apostasy from the true Church," and of his embrace of the Protestant heresy, they were beside themselves with alarm and grief, and forbade him to speak to them further on the subject.

For days this bitter disappointment overwhelmed his soul with darkness; he could do nothing but, in yearning cries and burning tears, appeal to God for help. At length it occurred to him that if his kindred would not hear him, he had friends in the city who might. To these he went; and, to his great delight, some of them listened and said, "We will hear thee again of this matter." So, on a Sunday morning a number of them met him in the parlor of the Pasaje Hotel, and to that little company he preached Jesus and the Resurrection. All were impressed, many well-nigh convinced. The next Sunday the attendance was larger, and the numbers and the interest increased until the place became too small. By this time several had found peace in believing, and it was resolved to rent a hall and form a society for religious worship. The Bap-

tist articles of faith were adopted, and only those who had been made new creatures in Christ were permitted to unite with them. Diaz preached to them every Sunday, and shortly about one hundred converts were gathered into fellowship.

One holiday, as he was passing along the shore of the bay, he saw two men fishing. He stopped and began to talk to them of Jesus and salvation. They stopped and listened, and soon another party engaged in sports drew near. Then others were attracted, until from every quarter the people began to throng. In order to command his audience, he mounted a barrel, and spoke with great power the wonderful words of God. While he was addressing the eager crowd, two policemen stepped beside him, as he thought, to preserve order. But at the conclusion of his discourse he found himself under arrest. The American Consul secured his release after a short term in the guardhouse, but he could no longer preach on the streets. The priests resolved to crush this Protestant movement, and warned the people not to employ the heretic

physician, under pain of churchly anathemas. Diaz had been supporting himself by his profession in order to make the Gospel of Christ without charge. But now he saw himself compelled either to desert his field of labor or starve.

He sailed for New York, hoping and praying that he might find the means by which to return and go on with his work. Learning that the Ladies' Bible Society of Philadelphia wanted a colporteur for Cuba, he offered his services and was accepted. Joyfully he went back, and once more was among his people: on week-days he scattered Bibles and Testaments, and on Sundays met his congregation and dispensed to them the Word of Life. For more than a year the work went on; his brother and sister embraced the faith. Persecutions arose, but this fearless man continued his work.

One day he went to a town in the interior to preach and distribute books. In Cuba no religious service can be held except indoors; and he found every available place to preach barred

against him. Nobody dared to allow him to hold religious meetings on their premises. At length an old, unoccupied frame building was found near the Catholic church. At one end a rude platform was built, and Diaz began the services. The multitude thronged the place, but were ready on the slightest pretext to break into open violence. Once while he was preaching, a shot from behind and above him was fired; and the ball, passing close to its intended victim, struck a boy in front of him. The deadly shot had been fired through an opening in the weather-boarding from the tower of the Catholic church, and the priest himself was the assassin. He was afterward tried and convicted, and sent to Spain for pun ishment.

The screams of the wounded boy excited the multitude to frenzy. "Kill them!" "Kill the Protestants!" "Shoot the heretics!" was heard on every side. Diaz, and his brother who was with him, entered a room close at hand and barred the door against the mob. With howling and curses, the infuriated rabble demanded their

blood, and nothing but divine interposition saved their lives. When the tumult died away, they unbarred the door and Diaz's brother went out to see if they could find better protection or make their escape. Soon some one ran to Diaz and told him that others were beating his brother to death. He sprang from his place of concealment and ran to his relief. The mob seized him also and would have killed him had not the police come to the rescue. With their coats torn off and their hats and shoes gone, bruised and bloody, both the brothers were taken before the mayor. They complained to him of their treatment by this lawless mob. He promised them protection, but tried to dissuade them from prosecuting their persecutors, and ordered his police to see them safe upon the cars. They returned to Havana, glad to escape with their lives.

Meanwhile, at Key West, in Florida, W. F. Wood was laboring among the English-speaking population. In that city more than a thousand Cubans were at work in the cigar factories. No attention had been paid to their religious con-

dition. It was taken for granted that, being foreigners and Roman Catholics, they were inaccessible to the truth.

One Sunday morning, as Mr. Wood arose to announce his text, a stranger and a foreigner, who was deformed, slowly and with halting step, moved up the aisle. All knew he was a Cuban. He gave earnest attention to the sermon, and at its close was found by Mr. Wood sitting upon his doorstep waiting to converse. They tried to talk to one another; but, as neither could speak easily in the other's tongue, a Miss Adela Fales, who lived near by, was asked to act as interpreter.

It was then found that this Cuban had come to Key West, attracted by a rumor that he could there find what he longed for—a religious faith that could satisfy him better than the papal doctrine, in which he had been reared. He had landed that very morning. Mr. Wood that week gave many hours to instructing this poor, crippled wanderer; and when, on the next Lord's Day, he saw two women baptized he hurried from his seat, saying: "I want to be baptized! I

want to be baptized! That what my Jesus tell me do!"

All present were deeply moved by the earnestness of this simple man to follow his Lord in this ordinance representing death to sin and resurrection to newness of life. Mr. Wood wept for joy. A church conference was called. Through Miss Fales as interpreter he related his experience of grace, and he was received and baptized. For some weeks he remained in Key West. He was a man of intelligence, and one evening in the Baptist house of worship he gave his reasons for leaving the Catholic Church and uniting with the Protestants. The house was filled to overflowing. Many Cubans were there; and at the close, one of the most intelligent among them arose and asked some questions, which evinced the interest awakened in the subject.

After a few weeks this stranger returned to his home in Cuba, and nothing more has ever been heard of him. Whether he is dead, or whether for his faith in Christ he may be immured in some dungeon, we may never know

until that day which discloses the secrets of all hearts. His coming had accomplished one great end: the Cuban people of Key West were no longer to be disregarded. Christian sympathy for them was awakened. The Home Mission Board was appealed to for help, which was cheerfully given. A church was erected, and Miss Adela Fales was appointed missionary to this people. A Sabbath-school and a day-school were established. Mr. Wood gave every encouragement and help to the work. Soon one, and then another, and another, until they numbered five, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, were, as hopeful converts, brought into the fellowship of the church. The harvest was ripening for the reaper. By a strange Providence the work in Cuba and the work in Key West were thus linked.

This wonderful work in Cuba, considering the time and means expended in its prosecution, *has never been surpassed in the history of modern missions.* In December, 1885, Alberto J. Diaz was ordained to the work of the ministry at the request of the Baptist Church in Key West, of

which he was a member. In January, 1886, a church was constituted in Havana. In May, 1887, that church numbered 301, with two other churches elsewhere, four Sunday-schools, and two day-schools; and six men preparing to preach.

The whole island is now open to Christian labor, toleration being granted under the revised Spanish Constitution, and thousands are ready to abandon the system of superstition in which they have been reared and embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. Houses of worship are greatly needed in Havana, and are essential to the highest success in that city and on the island. Unceasing prayer for Cuba, with large and liberal offerings, should be made.

The early reports of Rev. Mr. Diaz sounded like battle bulletins. They were short, almost telegraphic, but they marked wonderful progress. Here, for example, is one of them:

"I baptized 33 the last quarter of 1886; up to March 1, 1887, 69 more, making the total in fellowship 202, and I have received for baptism 100 more. We have now great excitement, and

the cry from every part of the island is, 'We want the Gospel,' but we have not the means to support the laborers in the field.

"A. J. Diaz."

But the reports scarce did justice to the remarkable rapidity of the march of events.

This Cuban mission, established in January, nine years ago, grew within the first year to have in the city of Havana: 1. A church and five other preaching stations, three Sunday-schools numbering three hundred scholars, and two day-schools, where Christ was taught as in the Sunday-schools, and numbering one hundred and fifty more. This church numbered two hundred and two baptized believers, with one hundred candidates for baptism, and six men studying for the ministry. 2. Another church, with a Sunday-school and a day-school, had been organized in a town not far from Havana. Thus two churches, with over three hundred members, four Sunday-schools with about three hundred and fifty members, and three Christian day-schools, numbering some two hundred pupils, were all the work of a single year. Two years

later, in 1888, that first church numbered 700 members, and three other churches had grown out of it, with an aggregate of 250 members. These four churches had seventeen regular preaching stations, twelve of which were in the city of Havana.

The smallpox scourged the city terribly for some three or four months; but these Baptist people went everywhere when disease was raging, visiting the sick, caring for the dying, burying the dead. The martyr spirit animated them. The love of Christ constrained them, and when the dark pall hung over the city they became ministering angels to the poor and the needy. Thirty-five church members and 150 of the congregation became victims of the destroying pestilence; and during six months 200 adults and about 150 children were buried in the Baptist cemetery. But God rewarded the faith and Christian heroism of His people. At the beginning of this fearful epidemic the Church in Havana numbered 350 members; at the end it had just doubled. On the 13th of November, 1887, Pastor Diaz baptized 105 "new men and wo-

men" born into the kingdom of God during that time of trouble!

How was such a work accomplished? Here is part of the secret: Two female missionaries reported more than 1,600 conversations with individuals about their soul's salvation during the quarter of the year in which the pestilence raged, forty-four of whom embraced Christ as their Saviour and were baptized into the fellowship of His people. Similar work was done by many others not in the employ of the Board. Into the plague-smitten homes they carried healing for the soul as well as the body. God blessed their words and let none of them fall to the ground.

Pastor Diaz wrote a letter which we embody in this brief narrative:

"HAVANA, 27 December, 1887.

"The epidemic disease is over, only one or two cases we have daily. We have lost over 150 members. Last month I baptized on Sunday evening (the 13th) 105 that were converted during the epidemic disease. I asked one of the deacons to go with me into the water, and we both expended two hours baptizing the new women and men. The membership in Havana is 700. I calculate we have 1,000 Baptists on the

island. Last year we had in our Sunday-school 500 pupils, and in the present year we have 1,844 in the city of Havana. All the missions outside Havana have their own Sunday-schools, and they may have 150 or 200 each one of them. We celebrated the Christmas tree this year, and took one of the theaters, where we gathered 2,000 children and over 3,000 adults; the hall was full. We will double our membership if we have the church building.

"Your brother,
"A. J. DIAZ."

The work went steadily forward, and the progress reported was simply marvelous, until in 1888 there were 17 missionaries, six regularly organized churches in as many cities, about twenty preaching stations, over 2,500 pupils in Sunday-schools, and 500 more in day-schools, where the Bible was taught, large congregations gathered, and a revolution of public sentiment was observable, as remarkable as it was hopeful. In a little more than two years, 1,100 had been baptized and nine native preachers raised up. The converts contributed $4,610 in a single year, faced the pestilence, and endured mob violence and priestly persecution. Over 8,000 had al-

ready applied for baptism, but only those were received who gave clear evidence of the new birth. One of the most eminent priests was among the converts, and offered himself to preach the pure Gospel in Cuba.

No. V.

Moral Revolution at Sierra Leone.

IERRA LEONE is a well-known British colony of equatorial Africa, situated in the southern part of Senegambia. It has an area of 319 square miles, and had thirty years ago a population of 60,000 to 80,000, nearly all blacks. This territory was, in 1787, bought by a number of private individuals for the purpose of establishing there a place of refuge for the negroes rescued from slavery and specially from the holds of slave-ships, and it was hoped it might prove a convenient and open door to introduce into western Africa the blessings of a Christian civilization. It early acquired the name of the White Man's Grave, from its extreme unhealthiness. Freetown, the capital, contained in 1864

about 16,000 inhabitants, among whom were but a few whites besides the authorities, garrison, and missionary agents. In the colony there were said to be, even as late as within a quarter of a century, members of seventeen chief and two hundred minor tribes, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty different languages and dialects were spoken in the streets of the capital.

If such were the conditions within the last thirty years, some conception may be formed of the state of things early in the present century, when this colony came under the governorship of a ruler appointed by the crown. Eighty years ago, in what was afterward known as Regent's Town, there would have been found about one thousand people, taken at different times from the holds of slave-ships, in the extreme of poverty and misery, destitution and degradation; as naked and as wild as beasts, and representing twenty-two hostile nations or tribes, strangers to each other's language and having no medium of communication save a little broken English. They had no conception of a pure home; they

were crowded together in the rudest and filthiest huts, and in place of marriage lived in a promiscuous intercourse that was worse than concubinage. Lazy, bestial, strangers to God, they had not only defaced His image, but well-nigh effaced even the image of humanity, and combined all the worst conditions of the most brutal savage life, plundering and destroying one another.

Here it pleased God to make a test of His grace in its uplifting and redeeming power. If, out of materials so unpromising, and in circumstances so unpropitious, He could raise up a native Church of true disciples and create a Christian community, surely men must be compelled to say, This is God's husbandry; here is the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified.

The oldest mission on the western coast of the Dark Continent is at Sierra Leone, and is that of the Church Missionary Society. It was about 1816 that William A. B. Johnson applied to this society, asking to be sent as a schoolmaster to this colony. He was a plain German laborer,

having but a very limited common-school education and no marked intellectual qualifications, but he had been trained in the school of Christ, and was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He proved by his work that he was called of God to preach the Gospel, and he was subsequently ordained in Africa. His period of service was brief, but marvelous in interest and power, and he raised up a native Church of great value.

Into the midst of these indolent, vicious, violent savages he went. He found them devil-worshipers, and was at first very much disheartened. But, though William Johnson distrusted himself, he had faith in Christ and His salvation. Like Paul, he resolved to preach the simple Gospel, holding up the cross, showing them plainly what the Bible says of the guilt of sin, the need of holiness, and the awful account of the judgment day. He plainly preached the truth and left results with God, confident that His word would not return unto Him void.

For nearly a year he pursued this course, and

he observed that over that apparently hopeless community a rapid and radical change was coming. Old and young began to show deep anxiety for their spiritual state, and yearning for newness of life. If he went for a walk in the woods, he stumbled on little groups of awakened men and women and children who had sought there a place to pour out their hearts to God in prayer; if he went abroad on moonlight evenings, he found the hills round about the settlement echoing with the praises of those who had found salvation in Christ and were singing hymns of deliverance. His records of the simple experiences of these converts have preserved their own crude, broken, but pathetically expressive story of the Lord's dealings with them, and the very words in which they told of the work of grace within them. No reader could but be impressed with their deep sense of sin, their appreciation of grace, their distrust of themselves and their faith in God, their humble resolves, their tenderness of conscience, their love for the unsaved about them, and their insight into the vital truths of redemption. It

was very plain that the Holy Spirit was once more working a miracle like unto that of the first Pentecost.

The outward changes were even more striking and marvelous. Those who had before been idlers or vicious busybodies in evil now learned trades, became farmers and mechanics. About their dwellings gardens were to be found, with evidences of industrious tillage. Marriage took the place of that awful indifference to the family relation that had made the wreck of households impossible only because there were none to be wrecked. Their night revels and orgies ceased; they stopped swearing, stealing, drinking and quarreling; they built a stone church, with galleries, where about two thousand persons regularly gathered for worship; and a more decorous, decently attired, reverent body of worshipers the Church of England herself could not produce. A thousand of their children were gathered into schools; they built parsonages, storehouses, bridges, all of stone; and, in a word, exhibited all the signs of a well-regulated, orderly, thriving community of Christians.

William A. B. Johnson died in 1823, having been engaged in his work only seven years. And yet all that has been here recorded he saw before his death. God's Word had not indeed returned void. It had been as heavenly seed in earthly soil. Instead of the thorn had come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier the myrtle-tree. There could be no doubt who had been the Husbandman.

The work was not due to, nor dependent upon, Mr. Johnson. It was God's work and not man's, and therefore it survived the loss of its consecrated leader, although the effect of his sudden removal could not be otherwise than for the time disastrous. Twenty-five years after the mission had been begun, one-fifth of the entire population of Sierra Leone was already gathered in Christian schools, and twelve thousand people were regular attendants at the places of worship! Twenty years later not only were native pastorates established, but ten parishes were supporting their own native pastors; and, to evangelize the tribes yet beyond the colony's limits, not less than six different missions were established

and maintained by a people who, less than forty-five years before, had been so hopelessly lost in grossest sin and abandoned to the vilest and most shameless wickedness that few thought them *worth the effort made to save them.* In 1868, after a little more than a half-century had elapsed since the inception of the mission, the number of nominal Christians in the colony was estimated by some as high as 80,000 and of communicants 20,000, and Sierra Leone was regarded as no longer a field for Christian missions. The rallying-point had now become a radiating center. God's husbandry was already so complete that the harvest-field was yielding not only bread for the eater, but seed for the sower.

This narrative is but an outline of the wonderful work of God, more fully described in the memoir of Mr. Johnson, published in London in 1852, also recorded in the London Missionary Register for 1819 and 1829, and in the twentieth report of the Church Missionary Society.

Surely this is a new chapter in the Acts of

the Apostles! The days of the supernatural have not passed, nor will they ever pass, while the Spirit of God continues to produce in the hearts and lives of men results so amazing, superhuman, stupendous.

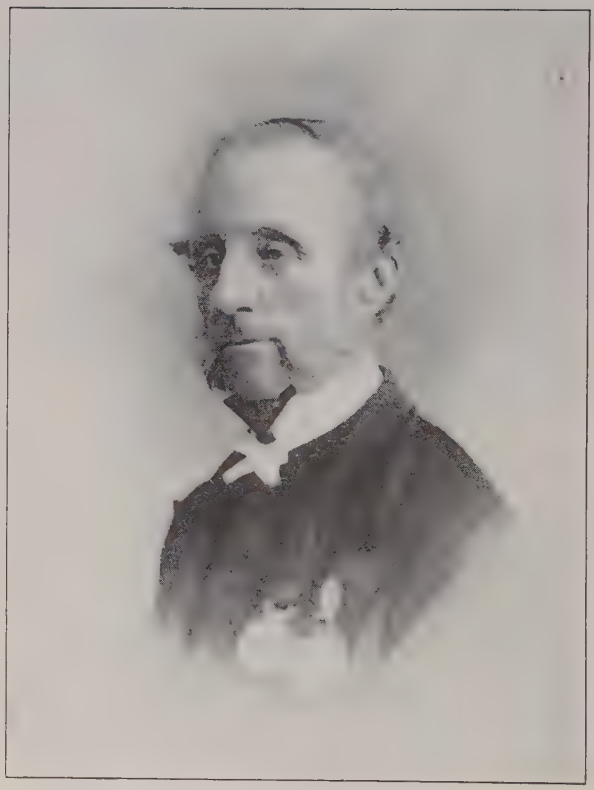
No. VI.

The McAll Mission in France.

HERE is a class of phenomena connected with modern triumphs of the Gospel in unpromising fields which is so remarkable that it should be placed conspicuously by itself as an example and proof of a supernatural force at work.

There are some barriers which have been removed so suddenly, so unexpectedly, so peculiarly, that the hand of God has been very marked in connection with them: they have subsided even before they have been encountered by the advancing mission band. It is to one of these examples of the subsidence of obstacles that we now call attention.

The promise that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover



Rev. Robert W. McAll, D.D.

the sea," is not only a prophecy, but an illustration of the world's evangelization. The time is coming when the good news will have spread in every direction, like the omnipresent sea in its vast bed. The disciples of Christ have only to be faithful to their great trust, and, like the pulsations of great tidal-waves swept onward by mighty winds, as by the breath of God the knowledge of the Lord shall move onward till it touches every foreign shore, advances into every strait and bay and estuary, and "sounds the roar of its surf-line" from Greenland and Siberia to the southern capes and Australia, and from Britain and Iceland to Japan and Polynesia. The Gospel is destined to be all-pervasive, like the sea, the air, the light. God is giving us some hints how He may bring all this about on a vast scale.

The sea may flood the land either by the rising of the ocean or the sinking of the shore, and the subsidence of the land is in effect the upheaval of the sea, since the comparative levels are reversed. How often have disciples rejoiced to observe those mighty movements of God's

grace, which, like the rapid rising of some far-reaching tidal-wave, have flooded extensive districts of the world with the knowledge and the power of the Gospel; and devout souls look and pray for the day when that great prophecy shall find its fulfilment, and some such wave of revival shall sweep over the whole habitable globe! But it behooves us not to forget that, without this startling upheaval of the sea, the ocean can make its bed on the continents if they sink below its level. Often in the history of missions has God gone before His people and, by the slow or sudden subsidence of opposing obstacles and barriers, prepared the way for the flooding of the land; and in many cases systems of false faith, or customs of formidable antiquity, that have stood like mountain barriers of adamant to keep out the Gospel flood, have actually disappeared, as though the Himalayas should suddenly sink out of sight, leaving China and India to flow together.

In fact, the more carefully we study missions the more we shall see that the false faiths of the world are in a state not only of decline, but of

decay. An unseen work of undermining is going on, and some day we may all be startled by the general subsidence of barriers which have hitherto seemed as deep-founded and as high-reaching as the everlasting hills.

The eyes of the world are to-day on France, beholding with astonishment the wonderful work of God there. Yet this is but one instance of this subsidence. France had been the right arm of papal power for centuries, and seemed a century since likely to develop the antichrist. How little we knew what preparations were going forward for the inflowing of the Gospel tides, and what a divine power was conducting this preparation! In 1877, Paul Bouchard, ex-mayor of Beaune, wrote an open letter to the bishop of his diocese, renouncing Romanism and transferring his adhesion to Protestantism on grounds of consistency and patriotism. It was not the act of a man converted to a new faith so much as disgusted with an old one. He forsook the state religion as a patriot and political economist, denouncing Roman Catholicism as the enemy of social and political progress, the ally of ignorance

and superstition. His act was one echo of Gambetta's declaration that the Romish Church is the enemy of French republicanism: "Clericalism is the foe of France." But he went beyond Gambetta, for he reproached him with atheism. Bouchard took this great step alone, and boldly wrote five tracts for the people, giving wider expression to his views.

At the same time Eugene Reveillaud, a lawyer, journalist, orator, and statesman, born and bred a Romanist, a college graduate and a freethinker, had his eyes opened to see the rottenness of Romanism, and became the champion of Protestantism on similar grounds to those of Bouchard, and wrote a pamphlet on "The Religious Question and the Protestant Solution." Compelled to give up the papal Church, he felt he could not be without a Church and a religion, but had as yet no change of heart. The faithful Huguenot pastors boldly taught that Protestantism required more than a mere renunciation of Romanism; and in July, 1878, in the Protestant meeting-house at Troyes, Reveillaud arose and addressed the congregation, declaring his con-

version, and manifesting a remarkable baptism of the Spirit. From January, 1879, his tongue and pen have been enthusiastically given to the evangelization of France. He publishes a weekly paper, *Le Signal*, and goes everywhere—to halls, theaters, ballrooms and barns—to address the people, showing them the need of a new Gospel of faith, repentance, and holiness.

Our generation has seen no religious movement to compare with this arising of a whole people. "There is Protestantism in the air." In Avignon, the old residence of the popes, Renouvier adds to his "Critique Philosophique" a "Critique Religeuese" to chronicle the Protestant movement; and in Belgium Emile de Laveleye writes on the "Future of the Catholic Nations," a warning to all peoples of the inevitable results of Romanist supremacy.

The rapid and radical change that has come over France no one can conceive who has not been there during this quiet religious revolution. Scarce a century ago Protestants were tortured and murdered, till even Voltaire's atheism vented its invective against persecution for religious

opinion, and shamed France out of her course. Then came the reaction of atheism, but no religious liberty. But under MacMahon, a majority of nine ministers of the Waddington Cabinet were Huguenots, though the Huguenots represented but one-twentieth of the population. November 2, 1879, Protestant worship was held at Versailles in the palace of Louis XIV., and not far from the chamber where he died, beneath the room where Madame de Maintenon induced him to sign the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes" nearly two hundred years ago.

The news of one week would fill a journal with startling items—people assembling in hosts everywhere, in halls, tents, and open air, listening with intense interest to denunciations of Romish priestcraft and the good news of grace; and families, fifty at a time, coming out to take their places with the Protestants.

Three hundred years ago, in 1572, the St. Bartholomew massacre occurred, and in 1872 the nation was turning from Rome. The McAll Mission, which began in that year, developed with a rapidity unparalleled in Church history,

establishing new preaching stations as fast as men and money can be obtained, and finding everywhere an open door. The tides of a pure Gospel that had surged vainly against mountain barriers for centuries began to rush in like a flood. It is simply a case of subsidence. It is not the tide that has risen so much as the barriers that have given way, and so France is being covered with the knowledge of the Lord.

It is not well hastily to dismiss this marvelous story of missions in the very citadel of the papacy. The work of McAll and his associates deserves closer study. That man, at the very crisis of affairs, was called suddenly and unexpectedly to take the lead of the most conspicuous movement of modern times. He did nothing to prepare the way; he knew nothing of the grand movements that had made the way open. At the first, he simply went to Paris on a visit, but God was guiding. He had made the hole in the board and now set the peg in it, as Sydney Smith would say. Never in the course of history has the right man at the right time dropped into the right place, if Robert W. McAll did not in

1872! Before, he would have come too early; after, he would have come too late. He did not know, and could not, the eternal fitness of things. Let us bow, and say with Pharaoh's magicians, "It is the finger of God." The steps in this history it may be worth while once more to put on record for the encouragement of our faith.

In the summer of 1871, Rev. Robert W. McAll and his wife, visiting Paris at the close of the terrible war with Germany, and led by a deep desire to reach the poor, priest-ridden workingmen with the Gospel, were giving away tracts in the hotels and on the public streets, when a workingman said: "If any one will come among us and teach us not a gospel of priestcraft and superstition, but of truth and liberty, many of us are ready to hear."

Mr. McAll returned home, but above the murmur of the waves and the hum of busy life he heard that voice, "If any one will come and teach us, . . . we are ready to hear." He said to himself, "Is this God's call? Shall I go?" Friends said, "No!" But a voice within said, "Yes." And he left his English parish and

went back—back to Belleville, whence, in the days of anarchy and violence, issued forth the desperate mobs to burn and destroy and kill. There, in January, 1872, in the Rue Julien la Croix, he opened one little hall in a faubourg of 100,000 desperate, lawless communists: one man conducting a Gospel-meeting to reach these multitudes! In the midst of men known as assassins he had no weapon but a pocket Bible—his "double-barrel revolver;" and, in a district worse to work in than St. Giles in London, he began to tell the old story of Jesus. Soon the little place was crowded, and a larger room became a necessity; and sixteen years later that one Gospel hall has become 112, in which, in one year, have been held 14,000 religious meetings, with a million hearers, and 4,000 services for children, with 200,000 attendants. No such history is to be found elsewhere, and no statistics can adequately represent the results of a work so apostolic in principle and pattern. These many services were "recruiting offices" for new volunteers for the Lord's army; no new sect or church was formed, but converts were gathered,

and then fell into the neighboring churches. But the work is even yet, after a score of years, only at its beginning. The cry comes from all parts of France for new stations, and the work needs only more men and more means to be indefinitely multiplied.

The McAll Mission is perhaps the most remarkable movement of Providence in modern times. At the critical hour of the history of France God raised up the right man for the place and the work. It was in the very period of transition, when, breaking with Romanism and clericalism, the nation was left without a religion, and was in danger of drifting into infidelity and atheism. McAll fell almost unconsciously into his place in the divine plan, and introduced a mode of worship without a vestige of superstition or a relic of empty formalism and hollow ceremonial. He was building more wisely than he knew; but the Architect who called him to the work had prepared the material for the structure and guided in its erection. Without those very principles that underlie the work of the McAll Mission there could not have

been this phenomenal success, and those very principles are a proof that God is in the work. We specify six particulars:

1. *The Gospel for the Masses.*—The leader of the movement and his fellow-helpers were moved with compassion for the multitudes that have no true knowledge of Christ and faint for spiritual food, scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd. They had confidence in the adaptation of the Gospel to every need of every human soul, in the accessibility of the common people, and in the susceptibility even of the criminal classes to approach.

2. *The Power of Passion for Souls.*—Who dared to hope that this priest-ridden people, ignorant, superstitious, hardened and half-atheistic, would exhibit such readiness to receive the Protestant Gospel? But love is omnipotence; and before it even the barriers of a strange language melt away, and the iron doors of distrust and hatred open as of their own accord. Simple love for souls, unmixed with self-advantage, was the moving spring of all this work, and proved resistless. When Mr. McAll began his

work he could utter but two sentences in the tongue of those workingmen. One was, "God loves you," and the other, "I love you"; and upon those two, as pillars, the whole arch rests.

3. *The Attraction of a Free Gospel.*—From the first free distribution of tracts on the streets of Paris until the work reached its present grand dimensions nothing has at once surprised and drawn the workingmen more than this, that for all this ministry to their good they have not been asked a centime! The feast spread on a hundred tables has been without money and without price. They have associated all that is called religion with a *tax*, heavy and oppressive. The priests have fattened on the money paid for masses for the dead, and cathedral churches have been reared out of poor men's scanty wages. But all this is an unselfish labor, for which no return is asked.

4. *The Simplicity of Gospel Work.*—These methods are at the farthest removed from ritualistic formalism and ecclesiastical ceremony. Any place of meeting is good enough where the people can be comfortably gathered. A Bible,

a simple stand, a small reed-organ, a few hundred chairs, a plain, earnest address, singing, prayer, hand-to-hand contact—this has been all the machinery of the greatest mission movement of modern times! A bare hand reached out to the poor workingman, through which may be felt the warm throb of a loving heart, with not even a kid glove between to act as a non-conductor—that is the grand secret of power.

5. *The Exemplification of True Christian Unity.*—The effect has been both unsectarian and undenominational. No lines of division appear between workers, and no "tribal standards" are unfurled. Christ's is the only name known. They are "all one," and hence "the world believes." The energies often expended in contests and conflicts, or at least rivalries and jealousies among disciples, are here all turned into the channel of pure evangelistic work.

6. *The Moral Education of the Common People.*—Mr. McAll saw in Belleville extreme poverty and misery side by side with mental and moral degradation. He felt that material and spiritual conditions must be remedied together,

and that the Gospel was the lever to raise the whole man to a higher plane. Hence the prominence given to schools and class instruction.

The work has been successful along all these lines, and the more successful because projected along all these lines. In recognition and encouragement, the Société Nationale d'Encouragement au Bien presented McAll with a silver medal for his *devotion to humanity*, and the Société Libre d'Instruction et d'Education with another medal for services rendered to popular instruction. These public acknowledgments of McAll as a philanthropist and educator were aside from all questions of religion; while the Government also recognized his work as the best security for order and good citizenship, declaring his Gospel stations the best "police measure" for the prevention of disorder and crime.

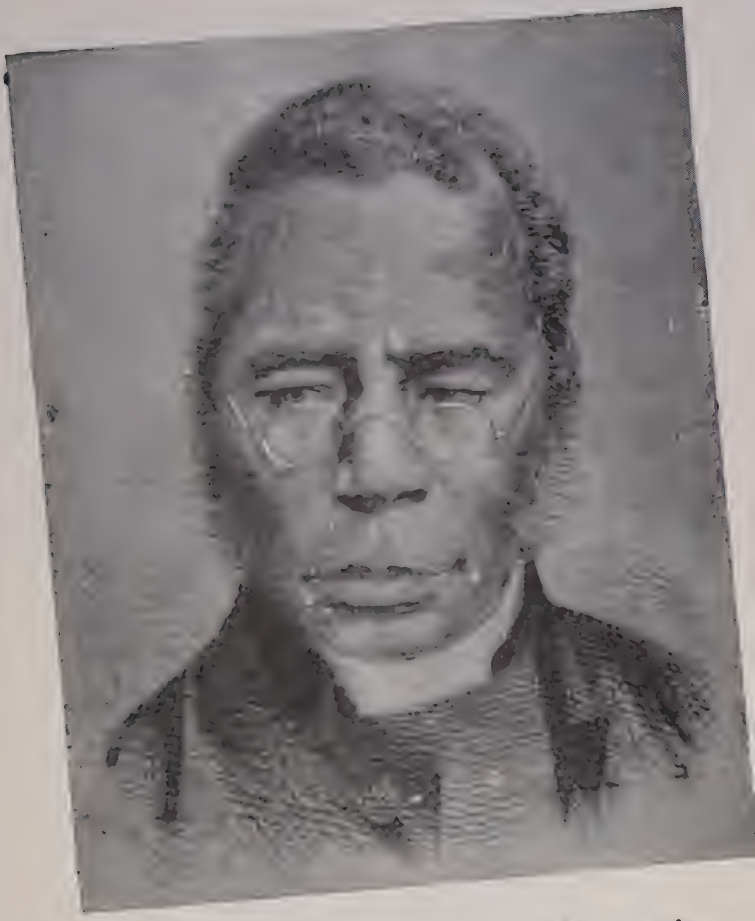
This humble man came to Paris and removed the barriers between the "unchurched and churched," and came close to the people; gathered the multitudes into his "halls," making those halls not only nurseries of piety, but grand training-schools for future evangelism; meeting

papacy and infidelity, not controversially and negatively, but experimentally and positively. And here, where it was thought there was no field for evangelization, a foreigner proved papal France to be the foremost missionary field. And so, among this mercurial people whose very blood is quicksilver, God is carrying on a work whose depth and reality are beyond all question. The Gospel is God's remedy both for infidelity and instability, and so far and so fast as the Gospel permeates the French nationality every noble characteristic develops.

McAll put in motion a host of agencies, all evangelistic. Mission stations, with schools, classes, mothers' meetings, prayer-meetings, evangelists, visitors, tract-distributors—everything thoroughly evangelical, variations of one keynote: "Christ crucified." The labors are great of providing speakers for so many meetings, and with no free day but Saturday. The appliances are very comprehensive and complete, avoiding only open-air preaching, which conflicts with municipal law. The methods are very simple; no expensive buildings or outlay

—a clean, whitewashed wineshop or commodious room, adorned with texts and provided with platform and seats. And, withal, no mission anywhere is more economically, honestly, and conscientiously conducted and administered. Every centime is accounted for in detail.

Here, then, even in France, long supposed to be the most hopeless field for Protestant missions, we behold another of the modern miracles, which constrain us to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Well may we rejoice that though, shortly since, it pleased God to remove Dr. McAll himself by death, the work continues to go forward, and achieve grand results in the evangelization of France!



Samuel Adjai Crowther
Bishop, Niger Territory
Oct. 19 1888

No. VII.

The Bishop of the Niger.[1]

HEN Bishop Weeks of Africa, who at that time had not been promoted to wear the miter, was traveling in England, a gentleman, in the same railway carriage, began to attack him as the friend of missions. "What," said he, "are the missionaries doing abroad? We pay them pretty well, but hear little about them or their movements. I suppose they are sitting down quietly and making themselves comfortable."

There sat beside Mr. Weeks another traveler, as black as any of the natives of the Dark Continent, and himself an unmistakable negro. He

[1] See Samuel Crowther. By Jesse Page. F. H. Revell & Co.

quietly waited until the stranger had exhausted his tirade against missions, and then, making a sign of silence to Mr. Weeks, undertook himself to reply to the strictures of the critic. "Sir," said he, "allow me to present myself to you as a result of the labor of the missionaries whose work you have been depreciating." Pointing to Mr. Weeks, he continued, "I am African, and this man is the means of my having become a Christian and of my coming to this country in the capacity of a Christian minister."

The man who had thus impulsively assaulted Christian missions looked upon the black man beside him with a look of mingled embarrassment and amazement. He could not be mistaken: there was a genuine typical African, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, with retreating forehead, and short curly hair; yet that man had addressed him in the elegant language of an educated and accomplished Englishman; he had felt all the refining power of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and there were in the very tones of his voice and in his whole manner the unmistakable signs of a Christian gentleman.

The accuser of missions sank into a reverie. He had no more to say as an objector. That one man was both a compensation for and a vindication of Christian missions. And when he resumed conversation, it was in a different tone: he began to talk with Mr. Weeks upon missionary topics as an interested and engrossed listener.

That black man was none other than Samuel Adjai Crowther, afterward consecrated as the first native Bishop of the Niger! himself then a living proof that the Gospel had not lost its wonder-working power, even upon the most unlettered and degraded races of men. No face or figure that appeared on the platform of the great Missionary Conference of 1888 in Exeter Hall, in London, proved a more powerful magnet to draw all eyes to itself than that of the venerable white-haired Bishop, born in 1808, and consequently at that time over four-score years of age.

Early in the year 1821, in the midst of the Yoruba country, the Mohammedan Foulahs were ravaging the land to seize and enslave all whom they could secure even at the price of

bloodshed. They pursued those who took refuge in flight and flung lassoes over their heads, bringing them to the ground half-suffocated, like a bison on the prairies. Among the captives was Adjai, then a boy of twelve and a half years. His father died in the defense of his wife and children, but the boy was dragged away tied with ropes to other victims. He was traded away for a horse, and afterward, separated from his mother, was sold to a Mohammedan woman, with whom he went to the Popo country, on the coast where the Portuguese purchase slaves. On the road he passed the smoking villages that marked the track of those who traffic in the "souls of men," and saw the human heads nailed to the trees as a warning to all who would not yield themselves to their fate.

So great was Adjai's horror of slavery that he tried to strangle himself with his waistband. At Lagos he saw the first white man, and it was not calculated to draw him to the white man's God, for the Portuguese who afterward bought him scrutinized his "points" as he would examine a horse; and then, chained with other captives, the

boy was packed in a barracoon, where the heat was intolerable, and on the least provocation was cruelly beaten with long whips. Early one morning he was hurried, with a hundred and eighty-six others, on board a slaver, where, crowded into the hold, the dead, the dying, and the living were compelled to remain, all in horrible contact.

Two English men-of-war gave chase to the slave-ship and mercifully liberated these prisoners, and Adjai was taken to Bathurst. Sierra Leone had been colonized in 1787. Mr. Granville Sharp had taken some 400 negroes and formed a settlement on a sort of peninsula whose fancied resemblance to a lion gave it this romantic name; and this colony became the refuge for the refuse of slave-ships. No one but an eye-witness could have believed what a degraded and destitute community this was, and how like one of the mouths of hell, until 1816. Missionaries were then sent to Sierra Leone by the Church Missionary Society—notably William A. B. Johnson, whose apostolic career has been already outlined in these pages. Six years after, the Lord Chief-Justice publicly testified that in a

population of 10,000 there were but six cases for trial, and not one of them from any village where there was a school!

Adjai made good progress in study, and, best of all, it was here that the little slave boy found the liberty of a child of God, and in 1825, at seventeen years of age, was baptized, taking the name he afterwards bore. He was taught a trade as a carpenter, and often used in his mission work the skill he had acquired.

In 1826 Mr. and Mrs. Davey took him on a visit to England, where he became a pupil in the school at Islington. During his year's sojourn he kept his eyes and ears open and learned much by observation. Then returning to Sierra Leone, he became the first native student enrolled in the new Yourah Bay College in 1827, where he soon became assistant teacher, and where he formed the definite purpose henceforth to devote his life to work for the elevation and salvation of his own people. The little girl, Asano, who, like himself, had been rescued from a slave-ship, and had grown up in his society, baptized as Susanna, became his wife and the mother of his six

children. Two of their daughters became wives of native ministers, two of their sons have wielded a noble influence as Christian laymen, and another became the archdeacon of his father's diocese; so that we need not look outside of Bishop Crowther's family to find a little church of eight godly souls, all the fruit of converting grace.

To follow step by step the career of this marvelous man is not needful; we touch only the salient points of his useful life. In 1830 he took charge of the school at Regent's Town; two years later, at Wellington, he assumed a more important trust; finally, back in the college, he was training students for high positions of service in Africa.

His natural aptitude for linguistic study fitted him for noble usefulness in translating and in editing books. During his life he translated the Scriptures into the Yoruba dialect and tongue of the inland tribes, and prepared a valuable dictionary of the Yoruba tongue, a primer, prayer-book, etc.

Samuel Crowther was too gifted a man to be

remanded to obscurity. There was no province of serviceable labor in which he was not in demand. In 1841 he was appointed to accompany the exploring party which ascended the Niger, and in the *Soudan* started, by boat, for the heart of Africa, with no weapons but those of peaceful conquest. Owing, as it was thought, to the green wood stowed away in the bunkers, this expedition was an awful failure. At one time fifty-five persons lay helpless on the decks, and even the doctors succumbed to fever and death. For twelve years public opinion in England forbade another exploring tour of the deadly Niger. But two things had been successfully demonstrated: that Crowther had in him the mettle of a true man and missionary, and that such dangerous fields must be worked mainly by natives, acclimated to the risks of the African country.

In 1842 Crowther was again in England, and in 1843 was ordained deacon in the English Church, and a little later priest. Thus we reach a new era in African missions, when emphasis was laid on a *native agency* for the evangelization of the Dark Continent.

In 1843 he is again at Sierra Leone, preaching his first sermon in English to a crowd of native Christians, and administering the sacrament to a large number of negroes.

Several refugees from the violence of the Foulahs founded a new city, *Abeokuta*, "under the stone"—called from the great rock that uplifts its head, like a sentinel, above the town. Here in 1846 the missionaries came and were hailed with joy; and here Crowther had the delight, after over twenty-five years of separation, of meeting his old mother. They were both dumb with joy, and could only look into each other's streaming eyes with the mute language of mingled rapture and amazement; and his mother became the first fruits of the new mission in Abeokuta.

In 1849 the mission, only three years old, could show 500 attendants, 80 of whom were communicants and 200 more of whom were candidates for full membership, while many more outside the mission circle had flung away already their idol gods.

He found the Ibo people offering human sac-

rifices, dragging the victim about by the legs till he died, and then flinging the body into the river, or tying human beings to trees beside the stream till they died of hunger; killing all infants who cut their *upper* teeth first, as among the Onitsha people all twin children are slain.

It was about this time also that the Egba chiefs sent by Mr. Townsend their memorable letter to Queen Victoria, saying:

"We have seen your servants, the missionaries; what they have done is what we approve. They have built a house of God; they have besides taught the people and our children the Word of God. We begin to understand them."

Yet "missions are a failure"! Not so, evidently thought the Egba chiefs. In reply came the Queen's gracious message, with two elegant Bibles, respectively in English and Arabic, and a steel cornmill from Prince Albert. Crowther not only taught the people in the Word, but encouraged among them all manner of handicrafts.

Again we find him in England, arousing sympathy for Africa. Then in 1854 he went on a second expedition up the Niger, planned partly

in hopes to rescue Dr. Barth, who was believed to be lost in the interior. While at Lagos Crowther observed another fruit of missions—plantations of cassava and maize, with tillers of the soil, where before slave barracoons used to be, with human beings in chains and agonies.

When the *Pleiad* anchored off Ibo it was found that the promises made thirteen years before, that the white man would return, had been remembered by the king; but so long a time had elapsed that he began to believe that the promise had been forgotten by the white man. Obi himself was now dead, but his son and rightful successor, Tshukuma, was found ready to listen to the Gospel message.

Along the Niger's banks the explorers encountered constant proofs of the ravages of the Filatas, that, like the Youlahs, aim not so much to slay as to enslave. *The whole right bank of the river* was cleared of its towns and villages to the number of about one hundred, and all who survived the strife of war were sold as slaves. Oftentimes they found the natives fleeing in terror or preparing to resist violence, but as soon as the

peaceful purpose of the explorers was made known they were kindly received everywhere. This expedition was as successful as the former was disastrous. The Niger was proved navigable, and, better still, it was proved that the people of the Niger Valley were accessible to the Gospel.

On Mr. Gölefiner's return to Europe, Crowther took his place at Lagos, and attempted oversight of missions on the coast. When, in 1857, the Niger Christian Mission was organized, Crowther sailed on the *Dayspring*, planting the first stations of the Niger Mission. Some of the main obstacles confronted in this work were those which were owing to *previous familiarity of the natives with Europeans.* Oftentimes the missionaries would have been thankful had no shuttle of commerce or contact woven acquaintance between the degraded Africans and the enlightened Europeans.

The wreck of the *Dayspring* compelled Crowther and his party to tarry a while at and about Rabbah. He found the Niger worshiped by the people as mother of all rivers, very much as the

Egyptians held the Nile in veneration. The basis was laid for mission work in Onitsha, 140 miles up the river and on Ibo territory. Everywhere the people were found not only willing but eager to hear the Gospel. One morning a woman came to Mr. Taylor, begging him to follow her; and she led him two miles away to a company of twenty-four persons, one of whom rose up and said, "We have sent for you to come and speak to us the Word of God: we thirst to hear it. Please do help us!"

We come now to the closing period of Samuel Crowther's life. The slave boy becomes a bishop.

In 1859, with Mr. Taylor, he established a mission at Akassa, at the mouth of the Nun River, the navigable entrance to the Niger. He visited Onitsha, where he found twenty-eight waiting for baptism. He went again to Ghebe, where he found similar evidences of the grace of God, and gathered the first fruits of the new Niger mission. He passed along the Niger's banks, and here and there set up the cross amid the "wastes of many generations." At Ghebe

he led around the mission buildings the messengers of King Masaba, of Nupé, and sent by them this memorable message to the king: "We are Nazarenes: in our schoolroom we teach the Christian religion; our only guns are our cotton-gins, and our powder is the cotton puffing out of them; the cowrie shells (the currency of the country) are our shots, which England, the warmest friend of Africa, desires to receive largely."

Crowther once more visited England, pleading in Exeter Hall the cause of missions, himself the main attraction of the anniversary exercises of the Church Missionary Society; it was a converted and educated negro, telling his own tale of missions; and it was an illustrated lecture, the speaker himself being the living illustration.

In 1864, in Canterbury Cathedral, Samuel Adjai Crowther was consecrated first Bishop of the Niger, and there were not in that vast audience many eyes that were tearless as that negro knelt to receive the typical investiture of the overseer of Christ's flock. Mrs. Weeks was

there, the wife of the missionary who first taught him the way of salvation. Bishop Crowther at once returned to the Niger Valley and at once sought to form a Christian Church at the Delta, where even the awful practice of cannibalism was not yet wholly abandoned, and the people were trodden under foot by the Juju priests. The new year, 1872, opened with a little mission church daring to utter its testimony to the Lord, and becoming a church of the martyrs. Isaiah Bara and Jonathan Apiafe, persons of distinction, were among the converts; and, when bound and doomed to die by slow starvation, they simply declared their "minds made up to remain in chains till the Judgment Day," if need there be, rather than bow to idols, and quaintly affirming, "*Jesus has taken charge of our heart and padlocked it, and the key is with Him.*" For twelve months they endured the painful bondage, and would have died but for food secretly conveyed to them by their brethren.

Three years passed, and the wife of a chief known as Captain Hart died. She had been the Bloody Mary of the persecution, but her husband

would not be comforted; and, seeing his fetish idol had failed to save her, he heard the Word of the Lord from Bishop Crowther, and as he came to die renounced his faith in his idols and ordered them thrown into the river. On the day after his funeral this was done: the people, in a rage, executing wrath on the Jujus, breaking them in pieces and flinging them into the stream.

The era of persecution passed away with the decease of Hart and his wife, and "Bonny became a Bethel." A woman of high position and large influence became nursing mother to the infant Church, and her own house became a place of assembly. Another house of worship was built, and both were thronged; and Archdeacon Crowther was put in charge of this mission. Meanwhile the titular king of Bonny, George Pepple, visited England; and when, with renewed health, he was about to return, he sent a letter in advance, declaring himself a convert and asking for a special service of praise to be prepared that he might on arrival at Bonny offer up thanks to God. Led on by this converted

king, Bonny became one of the centers of godly influence in the lower Niger district.

Those who depreciate missions should have visited Bonny when Bishop Crowther preached; should have seen an orderly congregation of over 500 gathered, attentively listening, and King George and his sister among them; and again in the afternoon the audience gathering, many of them walking through the tide, which was over knee-deep in the beach path. Such cavilers should have been in the mission-house when those converts came to buy books from the village Ayambo, which they aptly entitled the "Land of Israel," because there was no more to be found in it *a single idol.* In 1883 persecution broke out in Bonny, but it only brought out the martyr spirit. Even timid women risked their lives rather than recant.

In the Kingdom of Brass, which is one outlet of the Niger, other marked victories have been won. The King, Ockiya, in his latter years publicly confessed Christ. In spite of his Juju men he renounced idolatry; and his cast-off idols may be seen in the mission-house in Salisbury

Square. King Ockiya not only gave up idolatry but polygamy, and thus not only showed how real was his change, but set a beautiful example to his people. In that same land where Bishop Crowther himself a few years before found horrid cannibalism, and superstitions whose name was Legion, were to be seen praying-rooms where chiefs gathered twice a day with their families for worship.

Bishop Crowther held that, on account of the prevalence of Mohammedanism in Africa, the Arabic should be taught to the native catechists as the sacred language of the Koran, and so be a means of reaching intelligent natives through the Arabic Bibles and Testaments. He found on the friendly waters of the Galadima an avidity for the books printed in Arabic, and gave presents of Bibles in that tongue to the Galadima himself and others. When Crowther explained to the Mohammedans whom he met, the difference between the formality of the fast of Ramadan and the fasting of the Christian unto God, the common reply was: "Yes, you are true persons; your religion is superior to ours." He

found the work and influence of Islam such that, whenever he referred to Adam, Noah, Abraham, etc., and even to Jesus, the natives recognized these names as common to the faith of Mohammed as well. He advised that Mohammedanism be wisely dealt with, that missionaries and native preachers and teachers be prepared to utilize all that is common between the teachings of the Koran and the Word of God, and at the same time resist and expose the folly, superstition, and immorality fostered by Islam.

In 1875 Bishop Crowther's mother died, at the age of ninety-seven, the death of a saint, and passed into the unseen glory; and in December, 1891, after a bishopric of twenty-seven years, he himself followed her.

This really great man has left on all the mission work the impress of his ability and piety. He started the Preparandi Institution at Lokoja for the training of native catechists and schoolteachers, which became a center of spiritual light and influence. Wherever he went he brought and left a blessing, and no man perhaps

did more than he for the elevation and salvation of his degraded fellow countrymen.

Paul wrote to the Colossians that his aim and object in preaching were to "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." When the great Day of Presentation comes, with what joy will Mr. Weeks present to the Lord, Samuel Adjai Crowther as one of the fruits of his ministry in Africa! And then for the first time will he realize what ultimate blessing hung on the leading to Christ of a humble slave boy of Yoruba-land.

The negro has been described as "God's image carved in ebony." "I do not care much as to what material I am carved in," said one of the colored speakers at an anniversary meeting in New York city, "so long as I am carved 'in the image of God.'"

No. VIII.

The Cannibals of Fiji.

WHEN Christianity first touched the shores of the Fiji group it encountered a religion of organized cruelty that fattened on blood, that crushed the conscience, and seared sensibility as a red-hot iron burns the eyeball. For a hardened Fijian to be brought to tenderness of heart and sensitiveness of moral nature was as much a miracle as to replace a maimed limb or restore a withered arm.

John Hunt saw two conversions wrought at Viwa: one, from paganism as an idolatrous system, to the Christian faith; that was wonderful, like opening a blind eye or straightening a crooked form. But the other was more marvelous: it was a conversion from the love and

guilt and power of sin to the love of God and godliness. It was comparatively easy to secure a mere profession of Christianity, but this was like a resurrection from the dead.

When this Wesleyan farmer saw in these pagan monsters penitence for sin as sin, deep conviction of guilt and agonies of godly sorrow; when for days and nights together he saw them, racked with wildest grief until from sheer exhaustion they fainted, and recovered only to swoon again after another agony of prayer, he said, This is the work of God.

John Hunt went on his circuit of a hundred miles a month, telling Christ's story, forming schools to train converts for teachers, "turning care into prayer," working hard on his Fiji New Testament. Who can tell what that lonely servant of God had to overcome in facing hostile, cruel chiefs, without force or threat, mastering a difficult tongue without grammar or lexicon, teaching such savages while their pagan tongue speech supplied no fit terms to convey divine thoughts!

God had much people even there, and when

His fit and full time came He knew how to lead them out. The priests predicted an awful drought as the judgment of the gods on the sin of those who confessed Jesus; but the failure of the prophecy shook popular faith in the pagan idols. The queen of Viwa, and Verani, the "Napoleon of Fiji," became Christians and Verani a preacher, and winner of thousands of souls.

The story of John Hunt in the Fiji group is an all-convincing example and illustration of Gospel power. When he went there in 1838, the moral aspect of those hundred islands was as hideous as their material aspect was lovely. If nature had lavished her bounties and beauties, so that every prospect was pleasing, how vile and repulsive was man! Treachery and ferocity, raging passion and devilish cruelty were branded on the very faces of the Fijians. One who had shuddered at the sight has sought to paint the awful portrait: "The forehead filled with wrinkles; the large nostrils distended and fairly smoking; the staring eyeballs red and gleaming with terrible flashings; the mouth distended

into murderous and disdainful grin; the whole body quivering with excitement; every muscle strained, and the clenched fist eager to bathe itself in the blood of him who has roused this demon of fury."

If one could dip his pen in the molten brimstone of hell's fiery lake, he could still write no just account of the condition of the Fijians fifty years ago. Two awful forms of crime stood like gates of hell to let in demons and shut out Gospel heralds: First, infanticide, and second, cannibalism. Of all children born, at least two thirds were killed at birth; and to make sure of their death, there was a system of organized destruction, and every village had its authorized executioner to repeat the tragedy of Bethlehem's babes. Of course infanticide and parricide go together; and so, if the parents did not spare their offspring, neither did the offspring spare the parents, but despatched them when old or feeble.

Cannibalism—that most atrocious form of pagan atrocity, which breaks the whole Decalogue at once, the climax of theft, sensuality, and

murder—was not only a custom but a sacred religious rite, and the children that were allowed to live were trained to dishonor and devour the human form divine. Mothers gave their babes a taste of the horrible feast, as a beast her cubs, to excite relish for the horrid meal; and not only dead bodies but living captives were given over to young children as playthings, on which to practise for sport the art of mutilation and dissection. It became a pride to Fijian chiefs to boast of the number of human bodies they had eaten; and Ra Undreundu's pile of stones, in which each stone stood for one such victim, contained nine hundred! The Fijian word for *corpse*, "Vakalu," suggests also the idea of a meal, as the Greek word for rejoicing suggests a banquet (χαρα). All the life of these people, civil and religious, was inwrought with the destroying and devouring of helpless victims. The building of a hut, the launching of a canoe, the burial of the dead, and events of far less moment, were the signals for a banquet on human flesh. And, if the plump form of a favorite wife or the tender flesh of a little child promised an

unusual delicacy, without compunction or hesitation the husband and father called his friends to a feast on the dainty morsel!

It was among such a people that the plowboy of Lincolnshire landed fifty-seven years ago. He soon found that the half of the inhuman cruelty and devilish butchery of this people had never been told him. And yet he went to Somosomo, whose people were the worst of all. When the youngest son of the King Tuithakau was lost at sea, sixteen women were strangled and then burned in front of the mission house, notwithstanding Mr. Hunt's entreaties that they should be spared; and when, some months after, eleven men were dragged by ropes to be roasted in the ovens, these demons who were preparing the feast threatened to burn down the missionary's house because his wife closed and blinded the windows to shut out the sickening sight and smell of burning bodies!

Not one Christian among a hundred would have counseled Hunt to *attempt* work among such incarnate monsters, when the king himself forbade his subjects under pain of death to

"lotu" or profess the new faith, and when any readiness to confess Christ seemed to be selfish, due to mere greed of gain in cutlery and fire-arms. Captain Wilkes, of the American navy, in 1840, witnessed the trials of the missionaries in their seemingly hopeless work, and besought them at least to let him carry them to a more promising field; but John Hunt had heard a divine voice: "Fear not, for I have much people in these islands," and he stayed. Three years at Somosomo sufficed so to change the horrid life about him that at least a bloodless war was waged, a large canoe launched, and a great feast held for weeks, without one human sacrifice; and this last with no direct interference of the missionary.

The last six years of John Hunt's short career of ten were spent at Viwa, near Mbau, the head-center of Fiji power. King Thakombau, "the butcher of his people," was a fierce foe, and his wars and hostility to the missionary seemed to make all success hopeless; yet even among the inhabitants of this city of demons God had much people.

No. IX.

The Pentecost at Banza Manteke.

IN 1879, Rev. Henry Richards went from England as missionary of the Livingstone Inland Mission; and, at Banza Manteke, one hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the Congo, and ten miles south of that river, he established a mission station, since then transferred to the American Baptist Missionary Union.

When Mr. Richards visited the United States in 1890, he told, as to the Lord's work on the Congo, a story so full of interest that it should have both preservation and wider circulation.

When Stanley traveled from Zanzibar across the Dark Continent, though he met many thousands of people each day for a thousand days, he did not find one who knew the Lord Jesus

Christ. Soon after two missionaries were sent out to penetrate this trackless, Christless region. At length they reached Banza Manteke, and, unable to go farther, decided there to establish a station, for many villages were near by and the people were friendly.

They had only one tent, and built a hut of the long grass that grew about them. There, in September of that year, Mr. Richards found himself alone, among people entirely unknown to him, as were also their customs and their language. He began at once to study the natives, and then their strange tongue. Some things he learned only too soon. They all seemed to be thieves, and would take everything on which they could lay hands. They were equally adepts at lying; for, when he would look into their faces and charge them with their theft, they would deny it with brazen-faced stolidity.

He had a trying experience in learning their language. They had no dictionaries, grammars, nor literature of any kind, and no white man had ever learned their tongue. In a notebook

he wrote down phonetically every word or phrase which he heard, with its supposed meaning, and in this plodding way he soon got a number of words, phrases, and sentences, which at once he began to use. His hearers often laughed at his mispronunciations, and his awkward blunders in putting words together; but he quietly persisted in his effort. Some words he found it very hard to get correctly. For instance, he noticed the strong affection between mothers and their children, and he sought the word for mother. He thought he had succeeded, but afterward he learned that the supposed word for mother really meant a full-grown man. He was three months in finding out the equivalent for "yesterday."

He tried to get hold of the grammar of the language. He began with the nouns, and sought for the way of forming plurals, suspecting it was by some modification at the end of the words, but he could detect no such change. After much experimenting he found that there were sixteen classes of nouns, with as many modes of forming the plural; and in like manner he dis-

covered seventeen different classes of verbs, with many tenses besides the ordinary present, past, and future, each having its specific form, the shades of meaning in these variations often being very delicate and beautiful.

The language was found to be no mere jargon, but really very beautiful, euphonious, and flowing, with numerous inflections. When once acquired, it was easy to preach in it and to translate the Scriptures into it. He says: "If some of our best linguists were to try to form a perfect language, they could not do better than to follow the Congo. It seems to be altogether superior to the people; and there must have been a time when they were in a higher state of civilization, from which in some way they have degenerated."

After learning in this patient way to use the language a little, he began to study into the customs, superstitions, and religion of the people. He found that they believed in a great Creator, who made all things; but they did not worship this "Nzambi," because they did not think Him a good God, or worthy of praise and worship

He did not concern Himself about them; He was too far away. They had little images cut out of wood—some like themselves, only with birds' heads, beaks, and claws; others like animals; these were their gods. They trusted them to protect from sickness, death, disaster, but expected no direct blessings from them. They believed also in witchcraft, to which they attributed all evils and misfortunes, and which they counteracted by charms. If any one was sick they sent for witch-doctors, who with many incantations drove out the demon, or pointed out some person as the witch, who had to undergo the test by poison, so common in Africa.

Mr. Richards sought to show them that sickness, death, and other calamity are due not to witchcraft, but to sin. He gave them the Bible account of the creation and the fall, etc., and tried to show that God is not only a great, all-powerful Creator, but a kind and loving Father. For four years he pursued this course, thinking it necessary to give them some idea of the Old Testament before beginning with the New. But they were just as rank heathens at the end of

this time as when he first went among them. There was no evidence of any change. They did not even feel themselves to be sinners.

Then Mr. Richards went home for a season of rest, and while there spoke to some who had had much experience in mission work, seeking a clue to his maze of difficulty. He was advised to go back and *preach the law*—for that convinces of sin. So, on reaching Banza Manteke again, the first thing he did was to translate the *Ten Commandments* and expound them to the people. They said the commandments were very good, but claimed that they had kept them; and the plainest and most personal applications of the decalogue made no apparent impression. So two years more passed, and the people were no better. He began to be hopeless of doing them any good. He had gained their respect, and they were kind to him, but that was all the progress made.

At last, in his discouragement, he began to study the Scriptures anew for himself, feeling that there must be some mistake in his preaching or lack in his living. In the apostolic days souls

were converted; why not now? Surely the Gospel had not lost its power. If, in the days of the Acts of the Apostles, heathens turned from idols to serve the living God, why should not these heathens do so in Banza Manteke? He studied the Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, and began to see that the commission is not "Go ye into all the world and preach *the Law*," but "preach the *Gospel*." This was the turning-point in the work of this lonely and disheartened missionary. He determined simply to preach the Gospel. Again he noticed that disciples were bidden to wait until they were *endued with power from on high*. He felt that he had not this power. He returned to his work, determined not only to preach the Gospel, but to cry to God for the promised enduement.

It was needful to decide just what preaching the Gospel means. If he preached Jesus crucified, the people would want to know who Jesus was. He decided to take Luke's Gospel as most complete and suitable for gentiles. He began translating ten or twelve verses a day, and then read and expounded them, asking God to bless

His own Word. At once his dark hearers proved more interested than when he had preached the law, and he was more and more encouraged. When he came to the sixth chapter of Luke, thirtieth verse, a new difficulty arose—"Give to every man that asketh of thee." But these people were notorious beggars; they would ask for anything that pleased their eye—his blanket, his knife, his plate; and when he would say he could not give the things to them, they would reply, "You can get more." Henry Richards was greatly perplexed as to *what to do with that verse.* He felt the need of higher aid than his helper in translation could give, and went to his room to pray over the matter. The time for the daily service was drawing near. What should he do? *Why not pass over that verse?* But conscience replied that this would not be honest dealing with God's Word. The preaching-hour came; instead of advancing, he went back to the beginning of the Gospel, reviewing the earlier part, to gain time for fuller consideration of that perplexing text. Still, on further study, he could not find that it *meant anything but just what it said.* The

commentators said that Jesus was giving general principles, and we must use common sense in interpreting His words. But this did not satisfy him. If he interpreted one text in this way, why not all others? "Common sense" seemed a very unsafe commentator.

A fortnight of prayer and consideration drove him to the wall: the Lord *meant just what He said.* And so he read to the people that verse, "Give to every man that asketh of thee," and told them that this was a very high standard, and would probably take a lifetime to live up to it; but that he meant *to live what he preached.* After the address the natives began to ask him for this and that, and he gave them whatever they asked for, wondering whereunto this thing would grow; but he told the Lord he could see no other meaning in His words. Somehow the people were evidently deeply impressed by his course. One day he overheard one say, "I got this from the white man." Then another said that he was going to ask him for a certain thing. But a third said, "No, buy it if you want it"; and another said, "This must be God's man.

We never saw any other man do so. Don't you think, if he is God's man, we ought to stop robbing him?" Grace was working in their hearts. After that they rarely asked him for anything, ultimately, and brought back even what they had taken.

This humble man went on translating and expounding Luke's Gospel, and the interest continually grew. The climax was reached as he came to the account of the crucifixion of Christ. A large congregation confronted him that day. He reminded the people of the kindness and goodness of Jesus, and of His works of mercy; and, pointing to Him as nailed upon the cross between thieves, he said: "Jesus never would have died if we had not been sinners; it was because of your sins and mine that He died." The impression was very deep. The Holy Ghost seemed to have fallen upon the people!

He continued preaching the Gospel and seeking Holy-Ghost power. One day, as they were returning from a service, Lutale, who helped him in translating, began to sing one of the Congo hymns. His face shone with joy, and he said:

"I do believe these words; I do believe Jesus has taken away my sins; I do believe He has saved me." Seven years of toil, weary waiting, and suffering had passed, and now the first convert was found at Banza Manteke! At once Lutale began to testify what the Lord had done for him. But the people became his enemies and tried to poison him, so that he had to leave his own town and live with Mr. Richards for safety. For a time there were no more converts, but the people were stirred. By and by the king's son became a Christian. Shortly after another man came with his idols, and, placing them on a table, said, with savage determination, "I want to become a Christian," and he soon began to preach. The work went on until ten were converted, but all had to leave their own homes, as they were threatened with death. The missionary now shut up his house, and, taking these men with him, went from town to town preaching the Gospel. The whole community was greatly moved: one after another came over to Christ's side. Two daily meetings were held, and inquirers were numerous. The work con-

tinued and was blessed, until *all the people immediately around Banza Manteke had abandoned their heathenism!* More than one thousand names were enrolled in a book of those who gave evidence of real conversion.

Years passed by, but Mr. Richards found the converts holding on their way. About three hundred had been baptized, and the native Church was earnest and spiritual. There had been much persecution, but it had failed to intimidate these new converts. Materials for a chapel, provided through the liberality of Dr. A. J. Gordon's church in Boston, were brought to a point fifty or sixty miles distant, and carried by the people all the way to Banza Manteke, over rough roads. Some of the carriers went four or five times, each trip requiring a week. In all there were about seven hundred loads of sixty pounds each, and the whole of these burdens were borne without charge.

Those who had been thieves and liars before now became honest, truthful, industrious, and cleanly. Witchcraft, poison-giving, and all such heathen practices have been put away. They

brought their idols, and at the first baptism had a bonfire of images, destroying every vestige of idolatry! Was there anything more wonderful in the conversion of the magians of Ephesus?[1] *Laus Deo!*

[1] Acts xix. 19, 20

No. X.

The Story of Tahiti.

HE Society Islands were so-called by Cook in honor of the "Royal Society;" and the largest, having a circuit of one hundred and forty miles and containing about six hundred square miles, is known as Tahiti. It was first seen by an English captain—Wallis—in 1767, and consists of two rounded peninsulas joined by a narrow isthmus. It is crowned with a majestic peak, called The Diadem; the name was a prophecy, for this island furnished the first conspicuous diadem of modern missionary labors.

When the knowledge of the Tahitians reached England, the directors of the London Missionary Society determined to send the Gospel to

them, and at last found thirty men willing to go, four of them ministers, the rest tradesmen; and six of them were married. This memorable missionary band left the Thames, August 10, 1796, in a ship called the *Duff*, in charge of pious Captain Wilson. A purple flag waved in the wind, with three doves bearing olive branches as its device; and as they set sail they sang the hymn, "Jesus, at Thy command we launch into the deep."

A seven-months' voyage brought them to the shores of Tahiti, and they were welcomed by about seventy-five canoes, whence natives clambered over the ship's side, having brought with them hogs and fruit to barter for knives and axes and other useful implements; but, as it was the Sabbath day, the missionaries neither sold nor bought.

Two white men were already at Tahiti, one of whom had been shipwrecked, and the other left on shore a few years previous. Their names were Peter and Andrew, and they were clad like savages. Being able to speak some Tahitian, they served at first as interpreters; but proved

to be very wicked though born in a Christian land.

Upon their arrival on the beach the missionaries were met at once by strange customs. They found the king, Otu, and his queen, both riding on men's shoulders. Even when the carriers shifted the burden to others the royal feet were not permitted to touch the ground, because whatever land they touched became their own; so they jumped over the head of one man upon the shoulders of another. For the same reason, when the king and queen visited the ship, they refused to go on deck because if they touched the ship it would be theirs, and none but their own servants might dwell there or eat there henceforward. Afterward, when an umbrella was unfolded the owner was warned not to hold it over their heads, as it would henceforth become sacred to their exclusive use.

The missionaries found dancers, called Areois, on these islands whose bodies were blackened with charcoal and their faces dyed red. They committed murders, killing their little

children as soon as they were born; they had no occupation but dancing, boxing, wrestling, and sporting.

The first night, in presence of the natives, the missionaries sang and prayed and thanked God for inclining these strangers to receive them so kindly; and the first Sabbath they turned their dwelling into a chapel and Mr. Jefferson preached, being interpreted by Andrew, the Swede; and so, through an ungodly man as a channel, the first impressions of the Gospel were conveyed to these natives.

The father of Otu, called Pomare, was a very wise man, and had formerly been supreme among the chiefs. He was, however, a liar, a glutton, covetous, and preeminently selfish. On the second Sabbath, when he attended the service of worship, Mr. Cover preached from that text which has been probably the subject of more sermons than any other in the Bible—John iii. 16; and after the service Pomare pronounced what he had understood, very good.

The favorite god, Oro, was simply a log of

wood about the size of a man, kept in a shed, among trees, surrounded by a stone wall. In this place, which was called a Maræ and was a habitation of cruelty, were altars, on which lay pigs that had been dead for months. Men were sacrificed there and their flesh hung in large baskets on the trees till it decayed. No woman was counted worthy of the honor of approaching the Maræ or even of being sacrificed in it. The priests used to roll themselves up in a great bundle of cloth, and in a squeaking voice pretend to represent the gods; and, though the people knew that it was the priest that was speaking, they dared not disobey. They kept in their houses some of their gods, and fancied them to be in disposition like unto themselves.

Hiro was the protector of thieves; and when they went out to steal, they promised him a part of the booty if he would not expose them. The worshiper always resembles his idols; and the natives proved very like their gods. Nothing was safe within their reach, and murder was quite as common as stealing. One Sunday Mr. Lewis preached upon the commandment, "Thou

shalt not kill." Mane-mane, who was high priest to the idol gods, and held to be some great one, advised the people to leave off their wicked ways, yet he had not left off his own; and when he wanted to kill a man, drank wine to keep up his courage for the horrible work. His own wife killed her offspring; and, when remonstrated with, said she would keep the customs of the country and defy the missionaries' displeasure.

Some of the idols were made of stone, but most of them of wood, or of the outside of the cocoanut. Sharks and birds were worshiped, and there were more than one hundred gods. When a sacrifice was demanded for Oro, it might be the guest, eating beneath the roof of a chief, who was offered. If one of a family was offered, the whole household subsequently became victims. When the sacred drum gave the signal for a human sacrifice the natives fled for refuge to the mountain ends and caves.

If thus cruel to friends, their cruelty to enemies may be inferred. Sometimes a hole was made through an enemy's body, and he was

worn as a Tiputa by the man who slew him. The conquerors destroyed all the women and children of their foes, and sometimes strung their little children on a spear like beads.

It was among such a people that these missionaries began their apparently hopeless labors. Three weeks had not passed before they were robbed, and, because they did not punish the offenders, they were regarded as cowards; but they sought to win by kindness, not seeking to defend themselves, but confiding in the keeping of Jehovah. They placed near their house a hospital, and offered to nurse all who would come. Though many natives were suffering from terrible diseases, they would not accept help. The missionaries, satisfied with food and raiment, gave up their blacksmith-shop and storeroom to Pomare, and offered to surrender to him all their own private property.

Otu was found to be very wicked; Idia, the queen, destroyed three children of her own within three years after the missionaries had arrived; and the stubborn unbelief of the people was a source of much heaviness to

these servants of God. Nothing offended the Tahitians more than to rebuke their wicked customs.

On March 5, 1800, three years to a day from that when the missionaries first saw the island, the first wooden posts or pillars of a Christian chapel were reared; and they prayed that, like the pillar that Jacob set up at Bethel, these might be a memorial of the presence of God.

The next June, in the *Royal Admiral*, eight new missionaries arrived, and were welcomed by Pomare. It was agreed that Mr. Nott, accompanied by Mr. Elder, should go around Tahiti to preach to all the inhabitants. Sometimes he preached three or four times a day. They lodged in the houses of the natives, and took some of the Tahitians with them on the journey, who thus had the advantage of hearing frequent preaching during a five-weeks' tour, and upon their return were found able to give a clear account of what they had heard.

Constant prayer went up to God that He would pour out His Spirit. The missionaries

endured great suffering, especially in consequence of desolating wars. When the natives were entreated to believe in Jesus Christ, they asked, like ancient unbelievers, "Has Pomare or any of the chiefs believed?"

They had great confidence in the power of red feathers, attributing large success in fishing to their presence on the canoes, but had little conception of the soul or of duty; and, while faithless toward God they were credulous toward the most absurd imposture, placing their trust in fortune-tellers, dreams, and signs of good or ill luck.

While Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Scott were traveling in Tahiti and lay down to rest, a chief invited a guest to go with him to the beach, killed him with stones, put his body in a basket of cocoanut leaves, and sent him to Pomare as calm and unconcerned as if he had only killed a hog.

In 1803 Pomare himself suddenly died, and the wicked Otu had now more power than ever. He styled himself Pomare II. It was he who was destined to be the first convert of the Gos-

pel work at Tahiti. He had taken pains to learn to read and write. He was greatly feared, and it was believed that he could kill a man by his prayers and imprecations. In the spring his queen bore a child, and he himself was privy to its death. The queen herself died in 1806.

In May of that year a day of fasting and prayer was appointed by the missionaries, and particular pains were now taken to teach the children, who learned to repeat a short catechism by heart; and in November Mr. Davies opened a school in the new house, and invited the boys who lived near by to attend. They learned to read and write, being first taught to make letters on the sand. Spelling-books and Bible histories were made for them, and printed in England.

The directors of the London Missionary Society wrote a letter to Pomare. He was pleased with it, answered it courteously, and consented to their request, and proposed to banish the god Oro. He acknowledged that his was a bad and foolish land, that knew not the true God; and

asked for a large number of men, women, and children from England, promising to adopt English customs. He seems to have made his fair promises only as a cloak for his covetousness, for shortly afterward he desired a man to be killed at Atehuru as a sacrifice and taken in a canoe to another place, and sought to conceal it from the missionaries.

In 1807 another three-years' war broke out at Tahiti, and the missionaries had to leave the island, Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward going to Huahine near by, and all the rest to New South Wales.

The king, who had gone to Eimeo, invited the missionaries to come to that island. There were now seven missionaries in Eimeo—Nott, Hayward, Bicknell, Scott, Wilson, Davies, Henry. They had settled at Papetoai, and built a small chapel and opened a school. Events occurred which inclined them to stay in Eimeo, and they observed that the king appeared to be losing his regard for his old gods. In 1812, when a sacred turtle was caught, instead of sending it to the idol's temple, he had it dressed and served

for his dinner, which was an astounding blow at sacred customs; but, as no harm befell him, he was confirmed in his contempt of idols, and the power of the popular superstitions was greatly weakened. Pahi, the brother of the king of Raiatea, made a still bolder venture—destroying in an oven a sacred log which had been worshiped, and then eating breadfruit baked in its ashes.

Pomare declared that henceforth he would have but one wife. He married Teara, daughter of the Raiatean king, and on the birth of her little daughter the customs of ages were disregarded, which permitted no fires to be lighted for many days, nor any one to leave shore or to approach the child except sacred persons in sacred garments.

On July 18, 1812, Pomare asked to be baptized, and declared his fixed purpose to cleave to Jehovah and His people. He said, "I wish you to pray for me," and proposed to build a larger chapel. He declared that he had tried to persuade the kings of other islands to do as he intended to do; and when they answered

that they would cleave to Oro, he told them that was cleaving to Satan. The missionaries, full of joy, waited anxiously to see whether Pomare was really a converted man. Subsequently his grief for his sins, his observance of the Sabbath, and his efforts to persuade his friends to turn to God convinced them that he had been changed by the grace of God.

When the missionaries found the people in Eimeo ready to attend their instructions, they heard that the people in Tahiti were likewise inquiring after Jehovah, and Mr. Scott and Mr. Hayward were sent to see whether the joyful report was true.

Missionary labor at Tahiti had been apparently in vain for from fourteen to sixteen years, and, notwithstanding untiring, earnest, and faithful effort, but one solitary instance of conversion had taken place. The wars of desolation continued, and abominable idolatries and iniquities reigned. "The heavens seemed as brass and the earth as iron;" but when God's time to favor the work in Polynesia came, He began it in such a way as to turn all attention to

Himself, for at the time the war had driven the missionaries from the island and cut off all communication. Two native servants formerly employed in the missionaries' families had, unknown to them, received favorable impressions, and had united together for prayer. They had been joined by others; and at the return of the missionaries to Tahiti, they found a number of praying people, and had little to do but to aid in a work thus singularly begun.

These years of fruitless and apparently hopeless toil had almost determined the directors of the London Missionary Society to abandon altogether the work at Tahiti. Dr. Haweis, chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, one of the founders of the society, and the father and liberal supporter of the South Sea Mission, earnestly opposed such abandonment of the field, and backed his arguments by a further donation of a thousand dollars. The Rev. Matthew Wilks, the pastor of John Williams, declared that he would sell the clothes from his back rather than give up the mission, and proposed, instead, a season of special prayer for the divine

blessing. Such a season was observed; letters of encouragement were written to the missionaries, and—mark it!—*while the vessel was on her way to carry these letters to Tahiti, another ship passed her in mid-ocean, which conveyed to Great Britain, October, 1813, the news that idolatry was entirely overthrown on the island, and bore to London the rejected idols of the people;* and so was fulfilled literally the divine promise, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

One of the two natives who had begun to call upon the Lord Jesus in prayer while the missionaries were driven away from Tahiti, was named Tuahine. The other, impressed by some remarks from Pomare, went to inquire of Tuahine, who had lived for some time in the missionaries' familes; and they retired to a secret place to talk and pray. After a little while several young persons united with them; and this little band, without the guidance of any missionary, determined to abandon idols and the wicked practices of their countrymen, keep the Sabbath, and worship Jehovah alone. As Chris-

tianity spread, Tuahine helped the missionaries by directing inquirers, teaching in the schools, and translating the Scriptures, sometimes spending from eight to ten hours a day in this last work, and rendering invaluable counsel and aid. He proved both a Barnabas and an Apollos, and had a surprising gift in prayer. Having discharged the office of a deacon with great faithfulness, he died, about forty-five years old, a model of a converted native.

The chapel that Pomare had desired to be built at Eimeo was opened for worship July 25, 1813, and the next evening thirty-one natives cast away idols, and their names were written among the disciples of Jehovah. Shortly after, the number had risen to above three hundred, embracing, among others, a priest called Patii, who led the way in the burning of idols. He brought out the gods one at a time, tore off their sacred garments and ornaments, threw them one by one into the flames, pronouncing their names, repeating their foolish histories, and challenging the people to observe what helpless logs

they were. The joy of the missionaries was unbounded. The queen's sister about the same time publicly showed her contempt for the idol gods; and Pomare himself, though far from a consistent Christian, made a tour of Eimeo, seeking to persuade others to turn from idols.

Meanwhile at Tahiti persecution drove the native Christians to the woods and lonely valleys at midnight for prayer. One young man suffered martyrdom, and another bore a life-long scar in testimony to his fidelity. The year 1815 was the most remarkable that had ever been known at Tahiti. A plan was laid to destroy the Christian natives entirely, and the night of July 7 was fixed upon, when the Christians were to be assembled for prayer. Having been advised, however, of this conspiracy, they sailed for Eimeo, and their departure was the cause of a quarrel among their enemies themselves, in which they largely destroyed each other.

The missionaries at Eimeo received the Tahitians with great affection, but feared that the

heathens might rise up in both islands and destroy all the worshipers of Jehovah. July 14 was set apart as a day of fasting and prayer. Soon afterward two chiefs from Tahiti came to Eimeo, inviting the Christian chiefs who had fled to return. The invitation was, however, a mere cover for a plan to destroy the king and his friends. A battle ensued in November, 1815, in which Pomare and his little army were victors. Instead of killing his enemies the king determined to destroy their idols. The multitude stood astonished, both at the helplessness of their gods and the audacity of their destroyers; and when the great god Oro was carried to Pomare's feet, he set it up as a post in his kitchen, fixing pegs upon it on which to hang baskets for food, and subsequently burned it as fuel. Such was the ignominious end of the great war god.

Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward soon went to Tahiti and made a tour of the island. They found the people busy in destroying Maræs and building little chapels. Pomare himself had written a prayer, which he often read in these places of

worship—a prayer worthy of any Christian author.

The missionaries found the people very anxious to learn to read, and the king, having destroyed his public idols, now wished to part with the family gods, always kept in his house. He sent about twelve of these frightful images to the missionaries in Eimeo, with a letter asking that they might be sent to the Missionary Society in England, that they might know the likeness of the gods that had been worshiped on the island. The idols were accordingly nailed up in a wooden case and sent to the directors of the London Missionary Society. Family prayer became common, and the people retired to the bushes for private supplication. The missionaries could scarcely get any rest, so continually were they besieged with inquiry. In every place they found chapels—sixty-six in all—in which the people assembled four times a week.

About this time a printing-press was brought to Eimeo, and from a neighboring Maræ polished stones—pieces of pavement upon which

worshipers had knelt before the altars—were dug up and placed where God's Word was to be printed. Satan was robbed that God might be honored. The first book printed was the Baba, or spelling-book, and Pomare was permitted to aid in setting up the first page and to strike off the first impression. The Tahitians were very anxious to have these printed books, and sent to the missionaries plantain leaves rolled up, with the request for spelling-books written on the leaves. This was the beginning of the spreading of the knowledge of God from isle to isle by the power of a sanctified literature. Catechisms followed, and little books containing collections of texts; schools were multiplied, converts increased, and there was a general spirit of inquiry.

For years Mr. Nott had been translating the Gospel of Luke into Tahitian, assisted by Pomare; and while the book was in press the natives often constrained Mr. Ellis to stop printing to explain to them what they read. The missionaries wished to bind the books before they were distributed, but the impatience of the

people constrained them to give up waiting for proper binding materials. The natives, however, did not suffer these precious books to remain without proper protection; dogs and cats and goats were killed so that their skins might be prepared for covers, and the greatest anxiety was manifested to obtain these new copies of the Word of God. Five men from Tahiti landed at Afareaita, and did not go into any house to lodge lest some one might anticipate them in the morning and buy up all the books, so that they should be compelled to return without any. Mr. Ellis gladly gave them copies of the precious Gospel, which they wrapped in bark, and put in their bosoms, setting sail for Tahiti without having taken food or drink during their stay at Eimeo.

And now it was determined to form a missionary society in Eimeo, and on May 13 a great meeting was held, and numbers of natives came from Tahiti. The prayers began at sunrise, and long before the chapel service at three o'clock the crowds obliged them to leave the chapel for the grove outside. In presence of the king, the

queen, her ladies, and many chiefs, Mr. Nott preached from the words, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" (Acts viii. 30, 31) and an address from Pomare himself followed, advocating the formation of the Missionary Society, and hundreds of dark arms were lifted toward heaven in assent.

The so-called Royal Mission Chapel at Tahiti was finished in the spring of 1819. It contained 133 windows, 29 doors, and was 712 feet long and 54 feet wide—212 feet longer than St. Paul's in London. As no preacher could speak loud enough to be heard from end to end of the chapel during a whole sermon, three pulpits were placed in it, at intervals, with a minister in each. Six thousand people thus joined in singing God's praise in this new place of worship, and three sermons were preached simultaneously.

The next day after the dedication service, laws were publicly promulgated against murder, rebellion, theft, Sabbath-breaking, etc., with becoming sanctions. The king asked the chiefs, "Do you agree to these laws?" and Tati, a ring-

leader among the rebels, holding up both hands, called upon the people to do the same. At the close of the Sabbath service Pomare solemnly announced his faith in a crucified Redeemer. How different these assemblies from the feasts at which Pomare and his father had distributed the bleeding limbs of human victims as offerings to the gods!

The king himself helped in translation and was a leader in all good works; and on December 7, 1821, died in the faith of Christ, at the age of forty-seven years. The coronation of the young king, who was but four years old, took place on April 21, 1824. Dressed in his coronation robes in Mr. Nott's house, he was borne to the church and set on the highest platform. A hymn was sung, a prayer was offered, and Mr. Nott made an effective address. The laws of the country were placed upon the table, and the young king was asked whether he would promise to govern the people in justice, and mercy, and in obedience to these laws and to the Word of God, and he replied, "I do, God being my helper." Oil was then poured upon his head,

and a blessing pronounced upon him by Mr. Davies. The crown was placed upon his brow while Mr. Nott spoke words of benediction, and the Bible was presented to him as the most priceless treasure in the world. From the platform of coronation the procession went to the Royal Mission Chapel, where the young king sat in the royal pew.

Contrast this scene with the coronation of Pomare II., who had been declared king according to the heathen fashion, robed in a girdle covered with red feathers, the ceremony attended by the slaughter of men and followed by the worship of the god Oro!

In 1835 many people were converted, especially by the preaching of Mr. Nott at Papao, and Mr. Davies at Papare; and in July, 1836, the queen found that only two openly ungodly persons were to be found in the whole district of Pare. The translation of the whole Bible into Tahitian was completed in 1836, the greatest part of the work having been done by Mr. Nott, who set sail for England the same year and presented the translation to the directors of the

London Missionary Society. He remained in England two years, and at Exeter Hall at the great anniversary in 1838, after exhibiting a copy of the new Tahitian Bible, bade his English friends farewell, rejoicing in the privilege of returning to Tahiti, to spend the remainder of his days in the service of Christ in the South Seas.

No. XI.

Moffat and Africaner.

ROBERT MOFFAT, the poor Scotch lad, who, by living on beggar's fare, managed to get an education in theology and medicine, must evermore stand as one of the great pioneers of Central African exploration. When, on the last day of October, 1816, that memorable year in missions, he set sail for the Cape of Good Hope, he was only twenty years old. But in all the qualities that assure both maturity and heroism he was a full-grown man.

As not infrequently occurs, his greatest obstacles were found, not in the hopeless paganism of the degraded tribes of the Dark Continent, but in the apathy, if not antipathy, of the representatives of Christian governments. The

British governor would have penned him up within the bounds of Cape Colony, lest he should complicate the relations of the settlers with the tribes of the interior. While fighting out this battle with the powers that be, he studied Dutch with a pious Hollander, that he might preach to the Boers and their servants.

Afterward, when permission was obtained, while traveling to the country of the Bechuanas, at the close of his first day's journey, he stopped at a farmhouse and offered to preach to the people that evening. In the large kitchen, where the service was to be held, stood a long table, at the head of which sat the Boer, with his wife and six grown children. A large Bible lay on the table, and underneath it half a dozen dogs. The Boer pointed to the Bible as the signal for Mr. Moffat to begin. But, after vainly waiting for others to come in, he asked how soon the working-people were to be called. "Work-people?" impatiently cried the farmer, "you don't mean the Hottentots,—the blacks! You are not waiting for them, surely, or expecting to preach

to them; you might as well preach to those dogs under that table!" A second time, and more angrily, he spoke, repeating the offensive comparison.

Young as Mr. Moffat was, he was disconcerted only for a moment. Lifting his heart to God for guidance, the thought came into his mind to take a text suggested by the rude remarks of the Boer. So he opened the Bible to the fifteenth of Matthew and twenty-seventh verse: "*Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.*" Pausing a moment, he slowly repeated these words with his eyes steadily fixed on the face of the Boer; and again pausing, a third time recited the appropriate words. Angrily the Boer cried out, "Well, well, bring them in." A crowd of blacks then thronged the kitchen, and Moffat preached, to them all, the blessed Word of God.

Ten years passed and the missionary was passing again that way. Those work-people, who held him in the most grateful remembrance, seeing him, ran after to thank

him for telling them the way to Christ in that sermon.

His whole life in Africa was a witness to miracles of transformation. He had no scorn and contempt toward the sable sons of Africa. He found the most degraded of them open to the impressions of the Gospel, and even the worst and most unimpressible among them were compelled to confess the power of that Gospel to renew. One savage, cruel chief who hated the missionaries, had a dog who chewed and swallowed a copy of the Book of Psalms for the sake of the soft sheepskin in which it was bound. The enraged chief declared his dog to be henceforth worthless: "*He would no more bite or tear, now that he had swallowed a Christian book.*"

This godly, devoted missionary preached, and taught the warlike Bechuanas till they put away their clubs and knives, and farming utensils took the place of bows and arrows and spears. This strange change in African savages came to be talked over among the people. It was so wonderful that the other tribes could only

account for it as an instance of supernatural magic. There was nothing they knew of that would lead men like the Bechuanas to bring war to an end and no longer rob and kill.

Gospel power had peculiar illustrations in Mr. Moffat's experience in Africa. Seeking to carry the good news farther inland, he rode up to an African village. Owing to the peculiarity of the construction of such village, its huts are arranged in concentric circles, the doors opening toward the center, where is a large open court. He could, consequently, see only the backs of the outside circle of houses, but he could hear singing. He came nearer and rode into the midst of the village, but saw no one; he entered into the central court before he understood the apparently forsaken condition of the dwellings. There he found gathered all the women and children and a few older men; but the strong and younger men were gone. The song they were singing, if translated, would read somewhat thus:

"Mammy's man will come again;
He has gone to the land of Jesus.

Baby's dad will come again;
He has gone to the land of Jesus.
There is no murder there,
There are no robbers there,
There is none to hunt them there,
In the land of Jesus.
They will bring corn and cloth,
They will bring brass and iron,
They will fondle the children,
When they come from the land of Jesus."

This land of Jesus was no other than Bechuanaland, from which he had come. These poor villagers knew neither Moffat nor his Master, but they had learned that in that country, where the men had gone to barter and trade, the name of Jesus had wrought such wonders that now there were none there that would rob or murder or do harm.

Will any one tell of any other name that has had such a charm on the degraded, depraved hearts of the worst of men as that name of Jesus? This alone, through all history, proves itself the perpetual miracle-worker. It sways men until they beat swords into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more.

Moffat was specially warned against the notorious Africaner, a chief whose name was the terror of all the country. Some prophesied that he would be eaten up by this monster; others were sure that he would be killed and his skull be turned into a drinking-cup, and his skin into the head of a drum. Nevertheless, the heroic young missionary went straight for the kraal of the cruel marauder and murderer. He was accompanied by Ebner, the missionary, who was not in favor at Africaner's court, and who soon had to flee, leaving Moffat alone with a bloodthirsty monarch and a people as treacherous as their chief. But God had armed His servant with the spirit not of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. He was a man of singular grace and tact. He quietly but firmly planted his foot in Africaner's realms and began his work. He opened a school, commenced stated services of worship, and went about among the people, living simply, self-denyingly, and prayerfully. *Africaner himself was his first convert!* The wild Namaqua warrior was turned into a gentle child. The change in this chief

was a moral miracle. Wolfish rapacity, leonine ferocity, leopardish treachery, gave way before the meekness and mildness of the calf or kid. He whose sole aim and ambition had been to rob and to slay, to lead his people out into expeditions for plunder and violence, now seemed absorbed by one passion—zeal for God and his missionary. He set his subjects to building a house for Mr. Moffat, made him a present of cows, became a regular and devout worshiper, mourned heartily over his past life, and habitually studied the Word of God. He could not do enough for the man who had led him to Jesus. When Moffat's life hung in the balance with African fever, he nursed him through the crisis of delirium; when he had to visit Cape Town, Africaner went with him, knowing that a price had been set for years upon his own head as an outlaw and a public enemy. No marvel that, when he made his appearance in Cape Colony, the people were astonished at the transformation! It was even more wonderful than when Saul, the arch-persecutor, was suddenly transformed into Paul the apostle.

The world may safely be challenged to produce *one such change* in character and conduct as the fruit of mere scientific or ethical methods. Here was a notorious monster, a freebooter, the scourge and curse and terror of the whole of South Africa. He was brought under the influence of the Gospel, wept like a child, and sought and found pardon and grace in Jesus. The lion became a lamb. Moffat afterward testified that during his entire residence among his people, he remembered no occasion on which he had been grieved with Africaner or found reason for complaint; and even his very faults leaned to the side of virtue. On his way to Cape Town with Mr. Moffat, a distance of six hundred miles, the whole road lay through a country which had been laid waste by this robber chief and his retainers. The Dutch farmers could not believe that this converted man was actually Africaner; and one of them when he saw him lifted his hands and exclaimed: "This is the eighth wonder of the world! Great God, what a miracle of Thy power and grace!"

He who had long shed blood without cause

would now with as little hesitation shed his own for Christ's sake. When he found his own death approaching, he gathered his people around him and charged them, as Moses and Joshua did Israel: "We are not now what we once were, savages, but men professing to be taught according to the Gospel. Let us, then, do accordingly." Then, with unspeakable tenderness and gentleness, he counseled them to live peaceably with all men; to engage in no undertaking without the advice of Christian guides; to remain together as one people; to receive and welcome all missionaries as sent of God, and then gave them his parting blessing. His own dying confession would have graced the lips of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "I feel that I love God, and that He has done much for me of which I am totally unworthy. My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has bought my pardon, and I am going to heaven. Beware of falling back into the same evils into which I have so often led you; but seek God and He will be found of you, and direct you." Having said this, Africaner fell

asleep, himself having furnished one of the most unanswerable proofs that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. It may be doubted whether, since Saul of Tarsus was converted near the Damascus gate, any one transformation has more effectually silenced the clamors of the skeptic and the infidel!

No. XII.

The Story of New Zealand.

N the South Pacific, east of Tasmania, nearly midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, is a curious inverted boot that from end to end would measure nearly 1,000 miles, and is cut in two just above the ankle. It is New Zealand.

The physical features are very interesting: the 4,000 miles of seacoast, with some of the finest harbors in the world; the highlands, with the Pumice Hills, the volcano Tongariro, 6,000 feet high, and Mount Ruapahu, 3,000 feet higher, and others rising to a height of 14,000 feet; the forests so dense that beasts of prey are not found there and sound does not penetrate them; the fine rivers, and boiling lake of Rota Mahana.

To trace the early triumphs of the Gospel among the Maoris or aborigines of these islands of the sea, we need to get an idea of their condition in the days when Europe first made their acquaintance and down to a comparatively recent date.

They lived in very contracted dwellings, not high enough to permit a man to stand upright in them, and were unfurnished, and without orderly arrangement; their cooking utensils were a few stones. Polygamy had no limits but the ability of a man to procure wives; every household was a little hell, with daily strifes and deadly hatred. Extreme barbarism prevailed—in fact the lowest type of savage life. Newborn babes were left in neglect to cry themselves to death; or, if they lived to be five days old, were sprinkled or dipped at a stream and named, while a priest mumbled a prayer to an unknown spirit, "May this child become brave and warlike," or, perhaps, "cruel, adulterous, murderous." Stones were forced down the throat to make the heart hard and pitiless.

Tabu prevailed. It set apart men from all common approach—no one dared visit or converse with a tabued person; death was the penalty for being found in a canoe on a tabued day, or for a woman even accidentally to eat certain articles of food. Tattooing with chisels or fish-bones dipped in indelible dye was quite universal, but slow, painful, and prostrating. Superstitions too absurd to be soberly recorded ruled the people. A pain in the back was treated by jumping and treading on the patient. Dreams and omens were regarded as infallible. The issue of a war was determined in advance by setting up sticks to represent contestants and watching which were blown down. Jugglers' utterances were their oracles, and witchcraft was the dreaded foe, to defeat whose malign designs any innocent person was liable to the most cruel death.

The Maoris were the worst *cannibals*. They drank the blood of enemies as it flowed on the battle-field, and then feasted on their roasted remains. Their virtues were so few, and their vices so many and appalling, that not a few

Christians doubted whether there was anything left worth saving, or possible to use as a basis for the saving Gospel. They could scarce be called idolaters, for they were so low sunk in barbarism that they had not even the invention to construct a god, and had no gods nor any apparent objects of worship. Thunder they attributed to *Atua*, a great spirit, whom they feared as author of all calamities. They believed him to come as a lizard, and prey on the vitals of the sick, and hence incantations were used, and they threatened to burn or kill and eat the demon unless he should depart. They also believed in *Wiro*, the Satan of the Maoris. They were virtually atheists, or, at best, devil-worshipers. They had a vague belief in a future state, but, of course, it was robed in gross and sensual conceptions. When a chief died, slaves were killed to wait on him hereafter, and widows sometimes put themselves to death to rejoin their husbands.

When, at Samuel Marsden's request, the Church Missionary Society sent out three laborers in 1814, they were met at first with curiosity,

then with distrust and hate. The task of acquiring the language was great, but it was next to impossible even then to get a hearing. The few who came to the service, almost nude or in fantastic dress, would rudely leave in the midst of it, saying aloud: "That's a lie; let's go."

When, in 1821, Samuel Leigh and other Wesleyan missionaries went to Wangaroa, the chief Jarra bade them welcome; but Mr. Leigh and his colleagues had some hints beforehand of Jarra's treacherous nature. The sailors called him "George," and he had a notorious history. He was one of those who, twelve years before, had left Port Jackson for England with a few other Maoris. Captain Thompson had found "George" mutinous; he rebelled, refused to work, claiming to be a chief's son, and was reduced to submission only by being whipped and half-starved. He brooded over his punishment, and hatched a terrible revenge. He pretended to be penitent, and so gained the captain's confidence that he put up for repairs at Wangaroa. Once ashore, George moved his father to vengeance. With great subtlety he induced the

captain and crew to land, drew them into the woods, under pretense of selecting timber, then murdered them, and in their clothes went to the ship, assaulted all he could find, and plundered the vessel. But a sudden retribution was awaiting these murderers and plunderers. George's father had set a powder-keg on the lower deck, and amused himself trying the muskets, a large number of New Zealanders being on board. An accidental spark caused an explosion which blew up the upper works of the ship and killed every Maori on board. Then the natives on shore set fire to the vessel and ate every survivor.

With such a record, Jarra was not likely to be trusted; and about six weeks after they landed he began to show his tiger teeth. He threatened to burn Mr. Turner's house and eat the missionary and his wife simply to extort a present. Other like-minded chiefs harassed the missionaries by similar threats and outrages, but were kept at bay by the remarkable Christian coolness, gentleness, and fortitude of these brave souls.

The cannibalism of the Maoris has never been exceeded in atrocity. Mr. Turner found several chiefs rollicking by a fire. On turning toward the fire, he saw a human being roasting between the logs. Sick at heart, he tried to warn them of the wrath of God, to preach to them the new law of love; but to what an audience! An English missionary, while on a cruise, touched at New Zealand for fresh food, fruit, and vegetables. Of these he obtained fresh supply, and was about leaving, when a chief asked him if he would like some flesh food also. The missionary, thinking that doubtless they had hogs, said, yes. Casting a quick glance around him, as if he were looking for a messenger, the chief signaled out and called to a fine young lad, apparently about eighteen years of age. The boy came and stood before him; and before the missionary knew what the chief was about to do, having his back turned to him, looking at the fruit, etc., he heard the sound of a heavy blow, and, looking quickly around, found the still quivering body of the boy laid at his feet, with the words: "*Hevi ano*

te kai?" (Is that blood sufficient for you?) Horror-stricken, he most bitterly denounced the deed, and, leaving all the provisions behind him on the ground, returned sorrowfully on board the ship and set sail.

The natives were very indolent. The missionaries could get no help in erecting mission premises, and not until 1824 were the buildings completed. But where idleness prevailed,, curiosity, its kindred vice, also existed; and this led the natives to send their children to learn to read, and thus many of the young Maoris were taught the catechism and learned to pray and sing; and similar curiosity led the adults to go and hear what the missionaries had to say.

The work looked hopeful, but civil war became the occasion for acts of violence; the mission houses were burned, and it was a long time before quiet was restored and houses and fences rebuilt. Chief "George" was taken very ill. The death of a Maori chief rings the tocsin of vengeance—the quarrels and grudges of his life are then to be settled. The natives insulted the missionaries, stole their goods, broke down

their fences, and replied to expostulation only with new threats of worse violence. George gave ominous signs that if he should die the missionaries would be held accountable for the fatal explosion on board the *Boyd*, whereby so many Maoris were killed, for it was the God of the Christians who had caused that spark to leap from the gun-lock to the powder-keg. Of course, with such unreasoning and insane passions, no argument was possible.

The missionaries sent away the women and children to a distance, and lived for weeks in constant apprehension of death. George died, charging his followers to exact vengeance for his wrongs. The poultry of the missionaries was stolen, and some of it offered as a sacrifice to George's father. In January, 1827, the whole party of Wesleyan laborers was compelled to embark for New South Wales, after undergoing numerous exposures and barely escaping with their lives from these treacherous and cruel savages.

To one of the New Zealand chiefs, however, their departure was a matter of great regret.

He, Patuone by name, had "rubbed noses" with the missionaries, and was known to be very friendly to Europeans. From him, in October following, came an invitation for the exiles to return. It was an irresistible Macedonian cry; and the whole band, in the early part of the next year, landed on the north island and settled in Patuone's province.

Two years of fruitless labor passed by. Few would hear the message. The very chief whose letter had recalled them neither attended their place of worship nor gave them any encouragement. With the courageous faith seen nowhere so richly as among missionaries, they toiled and prayed, believing "that prayers and tears in Christ Jesus can accomplish anything." In 1830 there were manifestly more attendance and attention given to the truth. But the most powerful witness was that of the lives of these godly men and women. "Ye are the light of the world." Bunsen said to his English wife, when dying, "My dear, in thy face I have seen the Eternal!" And these Maoris could not but see a tremendous contrast between themselves

and the heroic and unselfish souls who were risking life itself for their sakes.

The first conversions startled the whole community. Tawai and Miti, two of their greatest warriors, openly declared their allegiance to the new Captain of their salvation. God's Spirit was at work. Some came forty miles in canoes to hear the Gospel, and, as in one day, multitudes turned to God. The natives overflowed the chapel, and the forests and hills became sanctuaries where the Word was preached to attentive listeners. The missionaries could now travel far and wide and everywhere find multitudes ready both to hear and heed the Gospel.

When Mr. Leigh first came to Wangaroa there was no book written or printed. The missionaries no sooner learned to talk than they began to teach spelling and reading. They sent to England and had types cut, and books were printed in the Wangaroan dialect; 1840 was the golden year, when a new religious literature was introduced into New Zealand. Within two years the press printed 5,000 Scripture lessons,

3,000 spellers and readers, 6,900 catechisms, etc.; 13 regular stations were established, 4,000 boys and girls in schools, 3,300 church members were gathered into the fold. The demand for native New Testaments greatly exceeded the supply, though 15,000 copies had been printed.

It will be remembered that in 1809 the ship *Boyd* had been plundered and burned by these cannibals, who devoured every survivor of the crew. Behold the contrast, and let who will dispute the miracles of missions! A shipwreck at Kaipara Heads cast over 200 persons, naked and destitute, on the shore. How were they received? With humane and Christian kindness. Not to be clubbed and roasted, but snugly housed and fed in Okaro: and not one farthing would these Maoris accept in return for their hospitality. On the shores of Christian England a nobler reception could not have been awaiting shipwrecked sailors.

Most wonderful of all, these New Zealanders felt that they must send the Gospel, which had brought them such blessing, to the destitute

about them. A grand missionary meeting was called by the Okaroans. It was a three-day meeting: one whole day consumed in addresses on missions, fifteen or sixteen of which were made by converted natives. No wonder if all eyes wept as these regenerated cannibals told of Him who had saved them, and of their passion to tell of Jesus to the lost. Poor as they were, they made an offering of sixty-five dollars, an average of about thirty cents for each attending native Christian.

The subsequent history of New Zealand was one of large and frequent outpourings of the Spirit. They sought to water others and were watered themselves. Hundreds were converted, new churches were organized, and new buildings erected in all peopled districts; native young men were trained and sent forth as evangelists, and the isles resounded with praise to God!

As to the later history of the New Zealand missions, in 1860 the Wesleyan Church numbered 5,000, with 200 Sunday-schools, where 7,000 children were taught. Over 12,000 were

regular attendants at worship. Only about one generation's lifetime, thirty-three years, had been spent by the Wesleyans in securing such results. No Christian land can present any parallel wrought in the same space of time. Even skeptics stand in mute astonishment at the results, constrained with Mr. Hume to acknowledge that there are things in the Christian life which their infidel philosophy cannot explain.

Mr. Darwin was not regarded as a Christian, but he had the greatest respect for good in Christianity, and was candid enough to acknowledge it. This is the way in which he answered some shallow critics of foreign missionaries:

"They forget, or will not remember, that human sacrifice and the power of an idolatrous priesthood; a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world; infanticide, a consequence of that system; bloody wars where the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these things have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance, and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to for-

get these things is a base ingratitude; for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far."

What a fulfilment of prophecy may be found in the Pacific Polynesia! "The isles afar off that have not heard my fame, neither have seen my glory, they shall declare my glory among the gentiles!"

No. XIII.

Midnight and Day-Dawn at Hawaii.

HE Sandwich, or Hawaiian, Islands lie midway between Panama and China, and their united area is about 60,000 square miles. Their origin is volcanic, and coral reefs are found along the coast, one of which forms the fine harbor of Honolulu.

The tragical fate of Captain Cook in 1779 for seven years kept vessels from touching at the islands, but in 1786 Captains Dixon and Portlock stopped at Oahu, and La Perouse visited Maui.

Kamehameha was then king, and his settled policy favored foreigners. When the natives on the west shore of Hawaii plundered a vessel and slew the crew, sparing the lives only of

Isaac Davis and John Young, the king took these men under his protection and subsequently admitted them to the councils of the nation.

Idolatry here was of the lower order; the idols were of their own making, roughly and hideously carved in wood and in stone. Again were the significant words of Scripture fulfilled: "They that make them are like unto them," for the Hawaiians had become almost as stupid and senseless as the images they worshiped. Of course the features common to idolatry and paganism were found here. Human sacrifices were customary, especially in case of the sickness of a monarch; and, when Kamehameha would not permit them at his funeral obsequies, three hundred dogs were offered instead. The islands were filled with wailings; the people shaved their heads, burned themselves, knocked out their front teeth; and both sexes, young and old, gave free rein to their bad passions, in robbery, lust, and murder.

Kilauèa, the great volcano, was among their gods. Its crater is 4,000 feet above sea-level, and 10,000 feet farther is another active crater,

not connected with this, which is three miles in diameter. Jets of scalding steam may be seen all over the field, and the burning lake rises and falls as the mighty power beneath heaves the molten mass, which every now and then swells into a vast dome, or is tossed up in jets from sixty to eighty feet. Here the god Pele was adored with prayers and offerings. When the volcano poured forth its rivers of fire, it meant that the wrath of Pele was no longer to be restrained; and when the seething crater was comparatively quiet, he was appeased.

Kalaipahoa was the poison god, made of wood, curiously carved into hideous deformity, and no idol was so dreaded, save the deities believed to preside over volcanoes. All deaths from poison were traced to his malign power, and even the wood of his image was believed to be poisonous.

The war god, Tairi, was borne in war near the king's person. It was about two feet high, of wickerwork, covered with red feathers, and having a hideous mouth. Lono, another of the most popular and powerful idols, consisted sim-

ply of a pole with a small head on the end, probably carried in battle. One of the largest temples was dedicated to this god, which was over 200 feet long and 100 feet broad, and built of lava stones, and upon it stood the idol, surrounded by images of inferior deities. This temple still stands, a melancholy monument to what the Hawaiians once were. There was the court of idol deities. There the Hawaiians met for superstitious worship and licentious festival; there they poured out human blood and burned the flesh and fat of human sacrifices, every humane instinct blotted from their natures by ages of increasing degradation and deterioration.

The tabu system of restrictions and prohibitions was inseparable from the national idolatry, and embraced sacred places, persons, and things. To violate these restrictions was a capital offense. A husband could not eat with his wife, nor could women eat certain choice articles of food; and those whose high social position could defy the human death penalty were threatened with the wrath of the gods. What was enjoined or prohibited was more tyranni-

cally trivial than the injunctions of the ancient Pharisaic code; yet their very insignificance made them more intolerably oppressive. The tabu laws left the people at the mercy of a corrupt priesthood, and under a yoke of the most galling servitude, destroying all personal liberty.

Ignorance, of course, prevailed. The Hawaiians knew not the meaning of a grammar, a dictionary, or a literature, and the simplest operations of arithmetic were inexplicable mysteries. Ignorance is the mother of superstition, as it is the twin sister of idolatry, and the ignorance of the Hawaiians was as extreme as their idolatry was degrading. They were savages, living in grass huts, almost destitute of clothing; the arts and sciences unknown to them, beyond those which are most primitive and essential to the preservation of life. Even their language showed the degrading influence of idolatry. As the people sank into depths of moral ruin, they lost higher and more spiritual ideas, until they had no longer any words with which to associate elevated and ennobling sentiments.

The missionaries to the Pacific isles found no word to express *thanks*, as though gratitude were unknown; and many other similar instances might be given.

The influence of superstition could be seen conspicuously in the treatment of disease by native doctors, and the apprehension of being prayed to death, implying a belief in a species of witchcraft. The most absurd and foolish notions tyrannically swayed the people, who lived in terror of their own thoughts, and believed malignant influences to be all about them, shaping them and their destinies by an inexorable fate.

Seventy-five years ago there was one ruler, and his word was law, and his beck determined even life and death. If a chief placed a stick of sugar-cane in the corner of a field, not even the owner himself dared take away his own crop. If any one refused to obey his chief or perform any service, his house might be burned, and his family left destitute.

There were two cities of refuge to which all might flee to escape even the penalty of crime,

and where the gates were never shut except against the pursuer. Mercy thus meant laxity, leaving crime unpunished, and sometimes even rewarded. Guilt was no assurance of penalty, nor innocence of security. There were no forms of trial, no judges, juries, nor courts of law. The chief was sole arbiter of destiny, and he ruled with a rod of iron.

Vancouver's visit and sojourn at the Hawaiian Islands (1792–94) marks an epoch. He was sent out by the British Government on a voyage of exploration, and introduced domestic animals from California.

He had been with Captain Cook on his fatal visit, and found the population greatly decreased since his first landing. As this could be accounted for but in part by the wars in the early part of Kamehameha's reign, some deadly influences were obviously at work.

Among these were two—intemperance and licentiousness—which had been in a large measure introduced by so-called civilized foreigners. Vessels from Christian lands that touched at the Hawaiian group first introduced there the dam-

nable liquid fires of alcohol, and their licentious crews first made the harbors of Hawaii the hells of the most abandoned and shameless vice. Sin was literally bringing forth death.

Infanticide was another fatal plant growing in the death-shade to destroy the very existence of the nation. With the exception of the higher class of chiefs, it was practised by all ranks of the people. Few parents spared more than two or three children, and many allowed but one to live. Shortly after birth, or during the first year, two thirds of the native children actually died a violent death; and many different methods were used, some of which proved fatal to the mother also. Having failed, through lack of a "higher civilization," to understand the modes of prenatal murder so common in Christian lands, the poor Hawaiians had no alternative but to permit nature to bring to birth, and then to strangle or bury alive. A mother would thrust into the mouth of a helpless babe a piece of tapa to stop its cries; then, deliberately digging a hole in the earthy floor of her hut within a few yards of her bed and of the spot where

she ate her daily bread, she would bury alive her own child—and for no other motive than to indulge indolence, or *save the trouble of bringing the child up!* Not only weak and sickly children, but even the brightest and healthiest, were thus put out of the way to avoid nursing, rearing, and providing for them. During the forty years between 1778 and 1818, the population had decreased from 400,000 to 150,000—nearly two thirds; so that the Christian enterprise which evangelized the Hawaiians *saved a nation from extinction*, for in twenty years more, at the same rate of decrease, the Hawaiian Islands would have been an uninhabited waste.

The governor, Kekuanoa himself, in an address at the stone church in Honolulu, in 1841, confessed this. He said:

"There were, a few years ago, three laws, all designed to deliver criminals from justice by the protecting favor of the chiefs. Offenders were not then brought to trial, and even legislation set a premium upon crime. Both polygamy and polyandry were common, no law of marriage being known, and property and rank settling the question of the number of wives a man should

have, or the number of husbands a woman should have; and hence came the attendant evils of infanticide, quarrels, and murder.

"The lines of distinction between right and wrong seemed well-nigh obliterated. Good and evil were alike then; the rights of others were not respected; the blind, the aged, the maimed were abused, and the chiefs ground the poor into the dust. Gambling, drinking, and debauchery found in the rulers rather their leaders than their rebukers and punishers. The chiefs themselves became rich by seizing the property of their subjects; and, at the death of his father, Liholiho made a law which sanctioned wholesale rum-drinking, dancing, stealing, adultery, and night carousing, consuming whole nights in the most shameless debauchery, and turning whole villages into brothels."

Modesty there was none; even among the gentler sex all sense of shame seemed dead. Nakedness brought no blush. As to virtue, what chastity could be expected where these barriers were broken down? Parents, for the sake of gain, gave their daughters, and husbands their wives, to a fate worse than death; and this traffic in virtue became a systematic thing, upheld by law and sanctioned by universal custom. Every foreign vessel was turned into a floating Sodom.

The facts defy language; and if language could be found, refined taste would forbid the repetition of such shocking details.

Of course the whole social fabric was decayed and rotten from the foundation. The tie of marriage was dependent on caprice. One day a man might have many wives and the next day turn them all adrift, as it suited him. A woman could have as many husbands as she pleased, and their relation to her was equally uncertain. The king himself had five wives, and one of them was his father's widow, and two others his father's daughters. Each one had her day in which to serve her lord, following him with a spit-dish and a fly-brush. Conjugal concord or affection was as unknown as though it had no existence; and so was parental authority or affection, or filial love and obedience.

In 1808, thirty years after the discovery of the Hawàiian Islands by Captain Cook, a lad was brought to the United States by a shipmaster of New Haven. His name was Obookiah, and he had been trained by his uncle, a pagan priest, to the practise of idolatry.

He was intelligent; and not long after his arrival at the City of Elms, Mr. Edwin W. Dwight, passing the college buildings, saw him seated on the doorstep weeping because the treasures of learning, so freely opened to others, were locked to him. Sympathy led Mr. Dwight to become his instructor, and he was the instrument in his conversion. The next year Samuel J. Mills, that leader and father of modern missions, wrote to Gordon Hall from New Haven, suggesting a mission to the Sandwich Islands. Eight years later a foreign missionary school was established at Cornwall, Conn., of which Mr. Dwight was the first teacher; and five of the ten earliest pupils were Hawaiians. Obookiah, while being taught there, died in 1818, aged twenty-six; and what seemed a sad blow to the prospective missionary work among his countrymen God used to awaken greater interest, by the published account of his life and death. Hiram Bingham, a student at Andover, offered to go as a missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, and found in Asa Thurston, a classmate, a worthy colleague. These two men were ordained evangelists; and

on October 15, 1819, in the Park Street Church, Boston, a mission to the Hawaiian Islands was organized with the following members: Messrs. Bingham and Thurston, ministers; Messrs. Whitney and Ruggles, teachers; Thomas Holman, physician; Elisha Loomis, printer; Daniel Chamberlain, farmer, together with their wives, and three Hawaiian young men from the Cornwall Missionary School. These seventeen went forth to erect a Christian civilization upon pagan shores, for they represented the Church, the common school, the printing-press, the medicine-chest, and the implements of agriculture. They set sail from Boston October 23, 1819, and reached the Hawaiian coast March 31, 1820, after somewhat more than five months.

They had expected a long, hard struggle with paganism, with its human sacrifices, bloody rites, and deep-rooted prejudices. But God had prepared their way. Only ten months before, Kamehameha had died, and, strange to say, forbidden human sacrifices during his illness or in connection with his obsequies; and so the people offered three hundred dogs instead. Thus

the *first blow* at the idolatrous customs of the people had been dealt by a professed idolater. Liholiho, his son, succeeded, Kaahumanu, the king's widow, sharing the Government during life.

The king's mother, Keopulani, saw foreigners violating the sacred rules of the tabu system with impunity, and even the natives, when intoxicated, trampling heedlessly upon them, and yet no divine wrath pursued the violators; and, satisfied that her fears had been groundless, she herself dared to break over the sacred limits, and eat with her son. Such an example would naturally find followers. Other chiefs, and finally the king, yielded, and then began a ruthless disregard of these tyrannical caste restraints. Seeing that their gods did not punish their profaning of sacred laws, they naturally concluded that those gods were but the creatures of their superstitions; and thus the chiefs actually led in a revolt against the national religion, ordered the tabu system to be disregarded, the idols burned and the temples razed. Stranger still, the high-priest resigned his office, and

"first applied the torch to this Hawaiian structure of an idolatrous faith." He was joined by many of the lower priesthood, so that, before the arrival of the missionaries, idolatry had been abolished by law, and heathen temples were laid in ashes. Perhaps for the first time in human history idolatry threw down its own idols, and left a nation without a religion. Moreover, in the civil war that had followed this abolition of the national religion, God had given victory to the king, and thus established the new order.

The newly arrived missionaries found the old religion abolished, indeed, but detected no desire for a new faith. The king objected to giving up his polygamy, and feared the effect of an American mission on his political relations. The old high-priest, however, favored the missionaries, and the king's mother counseled toleration; and, after twelve days, royal consent being given for them to reside on the islands for a year, they disembarked April 12, 1820. Part of them were ordered to Kailau and part to Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston and Dr. and Mrs.

Holman for a time abode in one small thatched hut assigned by the king—which was less than four feet high at the foot of the rafters, and had neither floor nor ceiling, windows nor furniture —in the center of a noisy, filthy village. Those at Honolulu likewise found themselves destitute of common comforts; but, as God's providence dispersed them among the people, they went without fear and were kept from all evil. The king, his brother, his wives, and other prominent persons became pupils of the missionaries.

After two years, the printing-press was called into use in reducing the language to a printed form. The Hawaiian tongue having but twelve letters—seven consonants and five vowels—every letter having but one sound, and every syllable ending with a vowel—it was easy for the natives to learn to read and write, and a large portion of them made rapid progress. Thus a foundation was laid for introducing the Bible in the native tongue.

Unfriendly foreigners represented that the missionaries were political spies, and that their

presence would be offensive to the English king, who bore to the Hawaiians the relation of protector; and declared that the missionaries at the Society Islands had robbed and enslaved the people; but these falsehoods were exposed at the very crisis when the king threatened to banish the missionaries. An English vessel touching at the Hawaian port in 1822 had on board *from the Society Islands* two chiefs on their way to the Marquesas group as missionaries, and had also on board a deputation of English gentlemen, who had been visiting the islands on a missionary tour; and so the *exact means* were suddenly supplied to expose the false statements made by the enemies of the missionaries. Who could so well tell the true influence of missions in the Society Islands as the two converted chiefs, and who could represent the feeling of the English Government so well as men from British shores? God thus directly interposed at this precise juncture.

Meanwhile the widow of the late king made a tour of the islands, searching out and destroying idols. Hymns were written in the native

tongue; and, in 1823, twenty-four chiefs, male and female, were learning to read and write, and the missionary band was reinforced. The same year Keopuolani died, the *first convert baptized.* In this daughter of a kingly race, wife of a king, and mother of two other kings, the Sandwich Island Church began visibly to exist. She forbade the customary heathen abominations to be practised at her death, and from that day dates their permanent decline. Liholiho, in this same memorable year, visited America and England with his wife and two chiefs. The whole party were attacked with the measles in England, and the king and queen died. Liholiho had already, before leaving home, declared his belief in Christianity, attended public worship, and urged it on his people. At his death the favorite wife of his father became regent, and gave emphatic support to the Gospel and schools. Kapiolani, a female chief, made a journey to the great crater of Kilauèa, where the great goddess Pele was believed to dwell, and there purposely and with a bravery seldom equaled by a heathen convert, set at

naught the power and wrath of the supposed deity in order to show the people their superstitious folly—one of the most heroic acts of history!

The Government had now begun to assume a Christian character, and the council formally acknowledged the authority of the Christian religion. Efforts were made, with royal sanction, to prevent murder, theft, infanticide, Sabbath desecration, licentiousness, and drunkenness; and Kanikcabuli, the heir to the throne, now nine years old, was put under the instruction of the missionaries, that he might shun the errors of his deceased brother. A little more than five years after the first missionaries came, Kaahumanu, the regent, and nine chiefs were received into the Church, and afterward died in the faith —a rare instance of a pagan *Government* embracing the Gospel in advance of the *people*.

It has sometimes been said, "Civilization first, Christianity afterward." But on these islands Christianity far outran civilization. When, in 1836, the young king and chiefs applied to America for a carpenter, tailor, mason,

shoemaker, wheelwright, paper-maker, type-founder, agriculturists skilled in raising sugar-cane, cotton, silk, etc., cloth manufacturers and machine-makers, already for ten years the Christian religion had been espoused not only by the people, but by the Government itself.

Rev. Mr. Richards was released from the service of the Board to act as minister of instruction, and Rev. Dr. Armstrong became overseer of schools; Dr. Judd, a physician, also retired from the missionary service to aid in administering the Government finances. It was he who, during the strange usurpation of the Government by Lord Paulet in 1843, withdrew the national records to the royal tomb, and there, with the dust of dead sovereigns around him, using the sarcophagus of Kaahumanu as a table, for weeks passed his nights in labors for the Hawaiian Government and people. To such aid and counsel of pious men in secular affairs the Hawaiian Government owes its progress and civilization.

As early as 1825 the Spirit of God had begun to work conspicuously upon the Hawaiian peo-

ple. In not less than fifty families in Lahaina morning and evening prayer ascended to God, and the number daily increased. Mr. Richards was interrupted every hour by calls from earnest inquirers. He woke in the morning to find people waiting at the door; during the day the house was never empty, and even up to midnight there were those who came to ask the great questions about the soul. Six months before, he would have been satisfied if assured of such results after the lapse of a whole generation.

In 1835, when as yet the missions had been established barely fifteen years, the American Board felt their work to be fast drawing toward its close, and it was determined to concentrate efforts for a time upon this field. In 1836 thirty-two additional laborers were sent out, who had scarce been distributed over the islands and begun to use the strange dialect, when a wave of spiritual influence, like the billows of the sea, swept over the islands, bore before it all traces of idols and idol temples, and left the Hawaiian people virtually cleansed of their pagan super-

stitions. The first sound of the approach of this tidal wave was heard in the general meetings of the missionaries in 1836–37, in resolute, importunate pleading for the conversion not of these islands only, but of the whole world, when a printed appeal to the churches of the United States was sent forth from the mission press.

Among the natives this great work of reformation began in 1838 at Waimea and at nearly all the stations on Hawaii, as also on Maui, Oahu, and Kaui. The power of the work left no doubt whose work it was. Dull and stupid, imbecile and ignorant pagans began to think and feel; groveling, vile, and wretched slaves of lust and passion began to aspire after holiness and rise out of their dust and degradation; hard and insensate consciences began to suffer pangs of sorrow for sin, and manifest the quickening of a sense of duty, and proved a force at work, higher in source, deeper in reach, than any that man can wield. The islands became vocal with the cries of penitence, prayer, and praise. Crowds flocked to hear the Word. In-

toxication became rare, Sabbath observance well-nigh universal, and family worship common even among those who had not as yet publicly professed faith in Jesus.

In 1839, May 10, the whole Bible was given to the people in their own tongue, and the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures greatly accelerated the work of evangelization. Three years afterward the number of professing Christians had reached 19,210, nearly sixteen times greater than five years before. In one year more there were twenty-three churches, with an average membership of over one thousand; and during this season of extraordinary interest, the congregations at Ewa, Honolulu, Wailuku, and Hilo numbered from 2,500 to 6,000. The work in the districts of Hilo and Puna has separate treatment in this volume.[1]

Thirty years ago R. H. Dana, Esq., wrote to the New York *Tribune:*

"The missionaries of the A. B. C. have, in less than forty years, taught this whole people

[1] See Chapter II.

to read, write, cipher, and sew; given them an alphabet, grammar, and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction, given it a literature, and translated into it the Bible and works of devotion, science, and entertainment, etc.; have established schools, reared up native teachers, so that the proportion of the inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England. Whereas they found these people half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, we see them decently clothed, recognizing the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than people do at home, and the more elevated part of them aiding to conduct the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies!

"In every district are free schools for natives, where they are taught by native teachers reading, writing, singing by note, arithmetic, grammar, and geography. At Lahainaluna is the normal school for natives, in which the best scholars from the district schools are carried to an advanced stage of education, or fitted for teachers. At Punahou is the college, now having seventy students, and the examinations in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, which I attended, were particularly satisfactory. In no place that I have vis-

ited are the rules which control vice and regulate amusements so strict, so reasonable, and so fairly enforced. A man may travel in the interior alone, unarmed—even through wildest spots. I found no hut without its Bible and hymn-book in the native tongue, and the practise of family prayer, and grace before meat."

When Rev. Dr. Anderson visited the missions in 1863, he bore witness that the Government rests upon an avowedly Christian basis, and that the Magna Charta of the kingdom is worthy of any government on earth, recognizing, since 1840, three grand divisions of a civilized monarchy—king, legislature, judges; and going beyond our own in declaring that no law shall be enacted at variance with the Word, or general spirit of the Word, of God. In 1846 the religion of Christ was established as the national religion, and freedom of conscience in faith and worship, Sabbath observance, etc., were guarded from invasion.

How can such results be regarded with indifference! An organized Christian Government, with a constitution and laws accordant with the Word of God; nearly one third of the

whole population numbered among the members of Protestant churches; native education provided for by the Government; houses for worship everywhere built and regular service maintained—in a word, all the requisite machinery for healthful, intellectual, social, and spiritual development; and all this as the fruit of less than forty years of toil! It has well been said, as to the progress of this nation in Christian civilization, that *the history of the Christian Church and of nations affords nothing equal to it.*

When David committed his great sin, Nathan told him that his conduct had furnished a text for scoffers. The wonderworking of God in these mission-fields supplies not texts alone but whole volumes for the believer: and, in presence of such accumulated testimony, hostile criticism must exercise what Victor Hugo called its sole right—*the right to be silent.*

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